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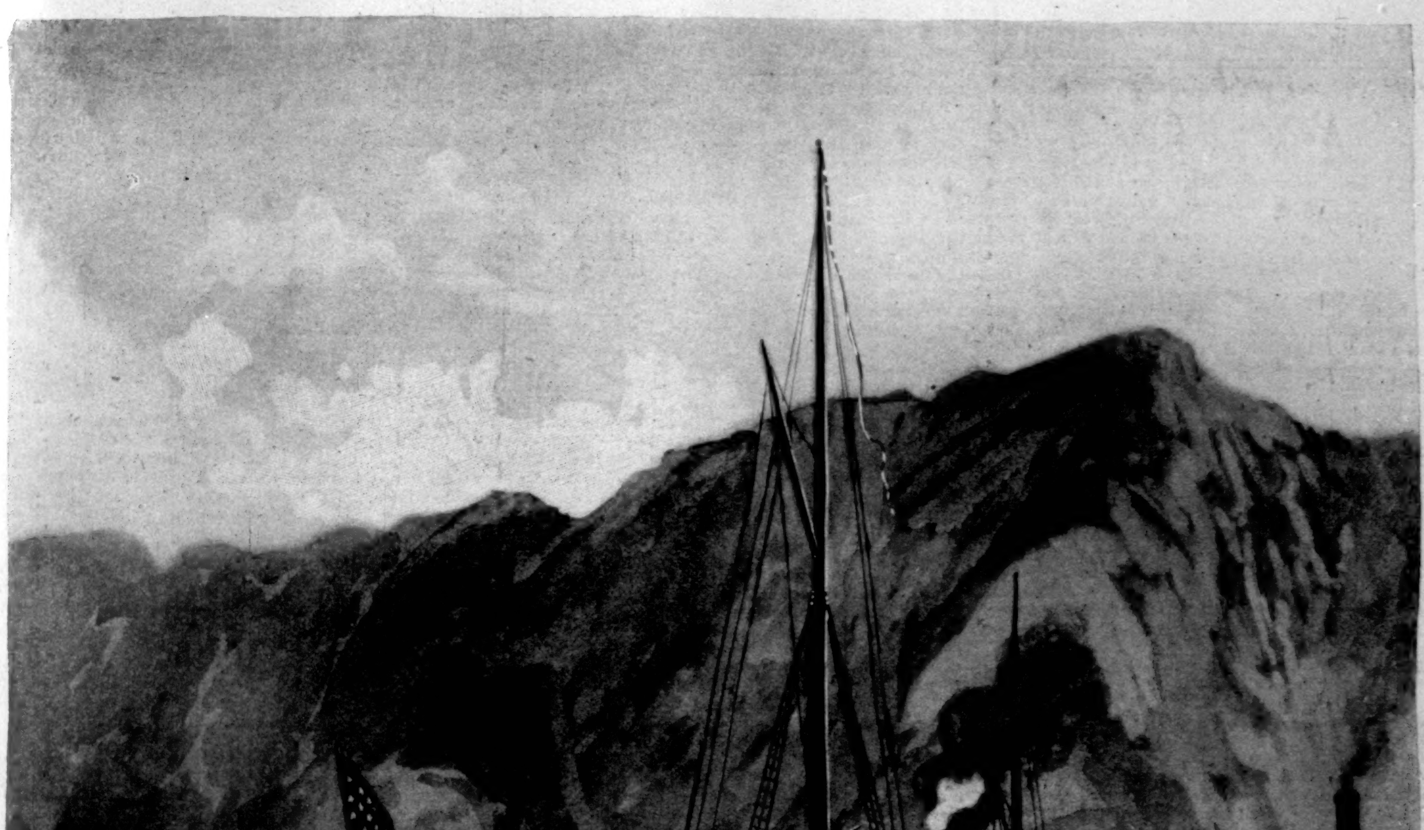

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S RETURN—U. S. S. "OLYMPIA" IN KAU-LUNG DRY DOCK, HONG-KONG.

DRAWN BY G. A. COFFIN.

Harper's Weekly

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

New York City, June 10, 1899

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The Peace Conference

THE Peace Congress which met at the Hague on the 18th of May, at the outset of its career, probably offers to the political forecaster more difficulties than have been presented at their opening by all the other diplomatic conferences ever called together in Europe for the general amelioration of human conditions. It has been suggested that it resembles most nearly the conference of Paris, but in truth it is wholly unique. Nothing like it has ever been known, and the diplomats who are to take part in it, and the rulers of the European powers who are the immediate superiors, responsible or irresponsible, of these diplomats, seem to look upon the whole affair as an international complaisance in response to the youthful dream of the Tsar. No one knows what is to take place. No one has any very definite plan, except perhaps the Swiss representatives. Nearly every delegate goes into the convention uncertain of the part which he is to play in it. Upon one point there is agreement, and that is that the affair is Russian; that the Russians will govern to a certain extent at the beginning, and that the rest of the world will wait until Russia pronounces the word and presents her programme.

The feeling that Russia must lead at first is apparently unanimous; and yet there is no disposition among the interested delegates to follow Russia blindly, or to permit her representatives to control the convention absolutely. This, of course, goes without saying. There are plans and projects in the minds of other people than the Russians, and they will be discussed, and perhaps embodied into recommendations to the powers. But the first questions are: What does Russia want? What does the invitation mean? Is there anything hidden behind it that is either sinister or menacing? Is this extraordinary meeting of the great powers and the little ones really intended as the first step towards a higher civilization, and a nobler application to government of the Christian principle of peace, or is it a mask behind which Russia is concealing some barbarous purpose? Is the world, including our own republic and Great Britain, to be presented with an impossible utopian proposition in order that the inevitable failure to accept it may excuse further Russian aggressions in Asia, on the ground that, the other powers having refused to disarm, each nation, and especially Russia, must get what she can of the good things of the black and brown men, and since militarism is to continue by common consent, militarism it shall be, and Russia will act the militant part as aggressively, as efficaciously, as cruelly doubtless, as can any of the powers which have refused to accept the Tsar's "noble offer"? These are questions which are presenting themselves to the minds of the delegates to the conference, and to the minds of such other European statesmen as may happen to think seriously of the question at all.

A diplomat at the Hague has characterized the conference as an "international prayer-meeting"; and whether this particular diplomat does or does not, there are some members of the conference, notably the Americans and British, who know that a cause which has behind it the fervent prayers of good men and good women is likely to develop into a holy movement which the profane hands of secular power will find it difficult to arrest and, in the end, impossible to defeat. Being an "international prayer-meeting," another diplomat concludes that men of his profession should not have been appointed delegates; and it certainly follows, as Harper's Weekly has contended, that the discussions of the conference should be public, that the sessions should be held with open doors, and that the world whose "prayer-meeting" it is should know with exactitude what its representatives are saying to one another, and in what spirit they are fulfilling a commission which is at least hoped to be about to result in relieving humanity from the burdens and woes of militarism and war. But although some of the delegates are not diplomats, so many members of the conference are of that profession that it is in fact a conference of diplomats. This is the first fact which hopeful people must look at frankly. It accounts for much of the uncertainty as to the outcome of the meeting, and for the cynicism with which the congress is talked about and occasionally laughed at. It accounts also for the fact, which is evident, that nothing whatever of importance is expected to result from the conference by those who are charged with the duty of carrying it on. This is a movement which emanated, it is true, from the most absolute ruler in Europe, whether he be a hopeful dreamer or the tool of the clever and resourceful men who surround him and who really govern Russia, but a movement which is essentially popular, appealing strongly to the popular mind—the mind that was emancipated by the revolutions of the eighteenth century, and that has been enlightening itself ever since, both by participation in and by observations of human history and of politics. There has been felt throughout Europe the effect of the inspiration which came from the Tsar and stirred the people—the middle-class business people—those who carry on the commerce and industries of Europe; those whose taxes support the governments of Europe; those who are burdened with the cost of the gigantic modern military establishments; those whose young men are now taken from industrial and commercial life that they may pass fruitless years in barracks; those whose homes will be filled with mourning and dire distress if war shall really come. There have been a stirring of the European conscience and a fermentation of the average European mind that are at last borne in upon the political mind to the extent of convincing it that, to quote from still another diplomat, at least some "little thing" must appear to be done. But this popular movement is represented in the conference by the kind of men who are affected by popular movements least of all. In this conference, therefore, the powers who are represented are dealing with one another as powers, as governments. Much the greater number of the delegates are intensely practical men, who have been trained to study the present, and to work for such future conditions as are approved by present considerations. They are men who are trained in what they regard as the virtue of national selfishness. They believe that the glory of their several countries and the success of their own careers depend upon their working effectively to the end that their several governments shall keep all that they have, and, in addition, get all that they can. These are the men who are face to face with one another at the Hague, and with what they naturally regard as the impracticable scheme proposed by the Tsar, incomprehensible to them also on any other theory than that it is a cover for a malign movement by Russia in the East. This conference, founded upon humanity and appealing to enthusiasm and to optimism, setting bare economical evils that are apparent to the unorganized masses, but that appear to be normal and wholesome to organized governments, is to be managed, so far as Europe is concerned, by the governments which will be influenced on this occasion, as they are on all others, by popular opinion only when it becomes so loud and insistent that to disobey it is to court danger. What part the United States is to play, or what position its delegates ought to assume, would be difficult to say. While the mutual jealousies of Europe are chiefly in evidence, the attitude of our own delegation may well be guarded. We ought to proclaim loudly and sincerely that we stand for whatever makes for a higher civilization; but perhaps we are not in a position to invite criticism or questioning. Besides, European diplomats and governments, except Great Britain, are very ready, even anxious, to unite against us. If a commercial war against us would not result in too much hunger for the Continent, we might count on one for certainty. But the time may come—it certainly would come if the conference were an open one—when the American delegates can urge international arbitration, and they may get their opportunity through cordial support of the Swiss propositions for the establishment of better regulations and for the recognition and protection of the Red Cross, for the prevention of the spread of contagion from the battle-fields, and for ampler facilities for the care of the wounded, and for the abolition of pillage on the high seas. In advocating these principles they will certainly have the support of the French representatives, and there is reason to believe that the majority of the powers will acquiesce in the recommendation of such regulations for the extension of humaner practices to fields of carnage. What the American delegates will naturally wish to avoid is an interposition into international quarrels, for the simple reason that they will at once be put to the defence of our tariff policy, which has at least aroused hostile feeling against us, and of what Europe believes to be our policy of territorial aggrandizement.

From all that has gone before, it will be seen that it is expected that international jealousies will be ventilated in the conference, and we may rest assured that if they are not, hardly any step will be taken towards the professed desire of the Tsar, or even towards what reasonable men hope for. The conference has been called together for the purpose of discussing the project of disarmament, but no one dreams of the adoption of such a scheme as that which at least seemed to be contemplated in the Tsar's first invitation. The best that can be expected is a first step in what must be a long, slow-moving effort for the betterment of the world—the beginning of a crusade, the inspiration of a discussion. If there should come out of this conference not only recommendations looking to the adoption of the Swiss proposals, but recommendations looking to a practical effort for the establishment of the principle of arbitration, to an appeal to a court of arbitration as the essential and inevitable first step towards the settlement of every international dispute which must be immediately brought to a conclusion if war is to be avoided, the conference will have begun a movement for a reform which will be realized all the sooner the earlier a general discussion of it is entered upon, and the more intense that discussion becomes. To revert once more to the idea that this is a popular cause, or a cause of the people, with whom, rather than with the men of politics, nearly all reform movements, great or little, begin, it is the people, through their press and through their action in their home constituencies, who will inevitably settle this question, and settle it correctly. But they must first be enlightened. For this reason alone public sessions of the conference would be of the greatest value. They would be illuminating and inspiring. In the absence of public discussion, however, there ought to be a strong and clear recommendation, and especially it ought to embody a practical suggestion. Perhaps nothing beyond this can be hoped for.

As yet, however, thinking on the subject is somewhat nebulous; men's minds may probably be said to be agreed as to the barbarity of war, and the economic fallacy and the poor philosophy which hold that peace is best maintained by the expenditure of millions on preparations for war. Say it as often as we may, we know well enough that humanity is not so weak but that it could invent something better than this practical paradox. It is necessary to prepare for war in order to preserve peace simply because our neighbor is preparing for war; simply because governments have yet learned no other way of dealing with one another in emergencies than by making exhibition of the reserve of force. The peoples, aside from governments, have learned a better way of dealing with one another. Commerce led to fraternization, and labor unions have followed the excellent example. Internationalism is not merely a term of socialism. The men who own the railways uniting France with its neighbors are justly accused by the socialists to be also internationalists. Hostile boundaries are disappearing slowly in every relation and intercourse of life except in politics. It is within the knowledge, then, of the people that war is barbarous and costly, and they are also groping their way towards closer and more friendly union, which in the end means the establishment of universal peace—of what the political world now regards as pure utopianism. But the idea that armies and navies may at once begin to melt away, that the art of war may be at once sent on its downward path towards its fate, is only a sentiment, a passion in the breasts of men, which needs formulation and discussion to become a real intellectual and purposeful force in the world. To use a trite and sometimes misleading phrase, the hearts of the people are right, but their minds are uninstructed; and now once again we are brought to the observation that it would be best if the discussions of the conference should be public. The folly of men needs illustration. Politics and international jealousies have a wider influence and deeper roots than humanitarian philosophers believe. In standing in semi or in wholly hostile attitude to one another, governments do not misrepresent the people who are behind them. Politics brings differences and quarrels between men who are quite friendly with one another in their social and business relations. Antwerp, for example, is a cause of international jealousy as well as Alsace or Lorraine. The Holland people, as well as their government, firmly believe that Antwerp should never have been surrendered to Belgium when the partition was made, and I am told that when the borderers meet in the cabarets of Antwerp the international quarrel between the drinkers is as real as it is between statesmen, and much more vigorously carried on by those who have absolutely nothing to gain by it than by those whose popularity and place depend upon their patriotic fervor and their political skill. There are a score of burning international questions in Europe, not to speak of the Egyptian question, of the South African crisis, of events in China, which divide people as well as governments, and before the people will consent to that measure of self-repression and surrender, to that giving up of old hopes and old desires that must be abandoned definitely, or that must be voluntarily left to arbitration if war is to cease, their righteous sentiments—or sentimentalism, if the diplomats prefer—must be transfused with an intellectual conviction which will present to them hopes and aspirations in the form of duty to be performed at all hazards and at any cost. The world is not yet ready to lay down its arms. If the men of politics alone stood in the way, there would be much greater reason to hope for a speedy coming of the millennium, for men of politics move forward when the people are clamorous. When the public mind is made up, if the politicians do not obey, there is a revolution. How little is the world ready to give up war is illustrated in the quiet Hague, where many of the orderly Dutchmen are quite ready to hear with complacency that the congress has failed, and are even predicting its failure because the Dutch republic of South Africa has not been invited to send delegates to it. There are Christian men and women among the Roman Catholics, too, who are turning their backs upon the Tsar's effort because the Pope has not been invited to send representatives.

If people naturally inclined to righteousness are thus easily moved to turn their backs upon this effort to promote the cause of universal peace, how can anything better be immediately expected of people like the French, for example, who have nourished a feeling of hatred and revenge for nearly a generation, and who have been taught to look forward to a triumphant war as among the glorious possibilities of the future? A large number of people in this world who, on general principles, are horrified by the thoughts of bloody war, who appreciate its miseries, and who are complaining of the awful cost of armaments, would be surprised to learn how essentially unwilling and unready they are to disarm, how eager they are for the settlement of just one more score before they say good-by to troops and navies, to rifles and cannon, to smokeless powder and to high explosives. And until the people are ready to cry "enough," to shake hands with their political enemies, who are often their social and commercial friends, governments will continue to conscript them for service, and to extort money from them for implements of defence and slaughter.

When we consider the state of the public mind, we must acknowledge, then, that diplomats and politicians may prove entirely out of place as the controlling elements of this peace conference. These gentlemen will not neglect to accentuate the claims, and perhaps the passions, of their different countries. They will be narrow and bigoted, as selfish and short-sighted as their training and traditions permit, and in them many of the people who think that they want peace will see their meanest passions measured truthfully. A good many honest minds will thus be awakened, and the seed will be sown that in the future—let us hope a not distant one—will bear fruit. We cannot expect much practical good from this conference of men most of whom know and represent the worst side of human nature. What the conference lacks, however, the press, the rostrum, and the pulpit can in a measure supply. A movement is beginning that means the end of war. Even if we believe that the work is for a century, it must be entered upon with the spirit of those who look forward to the realization of their hopes on the morrow. The conference can be moved by outspoken public opinion, and its results depend upon the vigor of the utterance of the friends of peace. The delegates believe that the world is so far from ready that any "little thing" will satisfy it. It is, indeed, not ready for disarmament, but it is readier for a substantial advance than the diplomats think, and of that they should be convinced. It is one thing to want to settle "one more score"; it is quite another thing to compel civilization to wait when one realizes that his own bloodthirsty desire is the one thing on which the continuance of barbarism depends.

The Hague, *May 18.* H. L. N.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

A PATHETIC appeal comes from Florida in behalf of a band of Seminole Indians, for whom a thousand dollars is wanted to secure them in the possession of their present home. This band is known as the Cow Creek tribe, and contains about twelve families, numbering about seventy-five persons. Their camps at Cow Creek and Indian Town, forty miles southeast of Bassenger, include about 200 acres each. They have lived in these camps for thirty years, and have cultivated part of the land and used the rest as a range for hogs; but they have no legal title to the soil, and their homes and fields are at the mercy of any squatter who covets them, and who succeeds in locating their land on a map and buying the title to it from some land company or railroad.

Land that has been tilled is worth more than wild land, and already some squatters have entered Indian Town, built cabins there, and begun to crowd these poor Indians out of their meagre holdings.

There is a new-formed society in Florida called The Friends of the Florida Seminoles. Bishop Gray (Episcopal) of Orlando is its president; the Rev. D. A. Dodge (Presbyterian), of Kissimmee, is its vice-president; and among its other officers are State Senator Carson of Kissimmee, and Editor Wilson of the *Times-Union*, Jacksonville. The secretary of the society, Mr. Willson, writes that the only way to protect these Indians in the possession of their homes is to locate their camps, buy the land, and hold it in trust for them. A thousand dollars, he says, will serve the purpose amply, but he wants that thousand dollars very much, and he says he can't raise it in Florida. The society therefore "earnestly appeals to humane people in the North to subscribe the amount necessary to protect this remnant of a brave and historic people from robbery."

The Federal government intends to do something for the Seminoles presently, but the prospect is that long before the government's intentions take form this particular lot of Seminoles will have been driven to the wall. "It is a very pressing need," writes a correspondent, "for the white squatters are turning them out as the fancy seizes them, to have their corn and bananas ready-made, and, as Mr. Willson says, every week counts." Subscriptions in their behalf will be received and acknowledged by J. M. Willson, Jr., Esq., Kissimmee, Florida.

THE imitators of Dooley prevail in unnecessary abundance. Imitators are vanity and vexation in literature as elsewhere.

IN one of the recent Stalky Stories Mr. Kipling told how a well-meaning member of Parliament rubbed the British flag into a lot of English schoolboys so hard that it turned their stomachs, and broke up a drill to which, up to that time, they had been devoted. The story is one proper for the consideration of persons whose duties include the training of the young in patriotism, for it is important that such persons should realize that the sort of patriotic exhortation which is well suited to some tastes and natures goes against the grain with others. The tale may possibly be useful in conveying to the minds of the projectors of the various flag exercises which prevail nowadays in the public schools the idea that there may possibly be such a thing as giving school-children more flag than they can digest, albeit the children of the public schools have youth in their favor, and are not so sophisticated as those whom Kipling writes of.

PERSONS who have sympathy to spare are invited to bestow some of their surplus on the people of Lake City, South Carolina. There are about five hundred persons in Lake City, and they are much inconvenienced because there is no post-office in their village, and they have to send several miles to get their mail and post their letters. They had a post-office, but it got them into trouble. The readers of the WEEKLY may remember about it. The postmaster was a negro named Baker. He was not satisfactory for some reason, and instead of bothering the department with complaints about him, some of the neighbors surrounded his house one evening and set fire to it, and shot and killed him and his wife and baby. Since then the department has not employed any postmaster at that village, but has been trying to find out who was responsible for killing Baker. It got together a good deal of evidence and tried several persons for the murder, but the jury stood seven to five for acquittal. The trial was about a month ago. Since then the Congressman from those parts, Representative Norton, has been to Washington to try to have a new postmaster appointed, but the department feels that Lake City has been too careless about its postmaster, and is too indifferent about bringing his murderers to justice. It seems to feel that a town that has not public spirit enough to catch and convict any one for murdering its postmaster in a conspicuous and public manner cannot really care whether it has a post-office or not. Representative Norton is quoted as holding that the inaction of the department is "infamous," but that will not be the general sentiment about it. The more reasonable feeling is that if the man who carries the mail for Lake City is one of the men who shot Baker, it serves him right to be put to that trouble, and if he is not one of the men who shot Baker, he ought to be thankful to have an errand that takes him out of Lake City and away from the murderers of Baker at least once a day. The simplest way for the Lake City people to escape the annoyance of not having a post-office is to move out and go somewhere else to live. But if they insist on staying on where they are, they ought to use their influence with the mob that killed the Bakers to induce some of them to come forward and be tried and convicted and hanged, for the general convenience of the community. The chances are that if one or two men could be lawfully hanged by the sheriff in memory of Baker, the post-office would be reopened.

IN discussing the army post-exchange and canteen question, it has been observed in the WEEKLY that the best judges of the merits or faults of the canteen system must be the officers of the regular army who have had a chance to see how it works. A law passed at the very end of the last session of Congress was supposed to have purposed the abolition of the canteen, but as interpreted by the Attorney-General it has not had that effect. But the canteen system has since been so much discussed that the War Department has determined to find out whether it is good for the army or not. Accordingly, every department commander in the United States, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines has been ordered to get a report on this subject from the commanding officer of every troop, battery, company, and regiment in his command. Each officer will be asked to tell what chance he has had to see the working of the canteen feature of the post exchanges—how it affects the morality of enlisted men, how it affects discipline, whether it promotes or lessens desertions, whether it makes trials by court martial more frequent, whether it increases drunkenness, whether it restrains men from drinking outside, what would be the effect of the absolute prohibition of the sale of beer in the army, and how the exchange system might be improved.

These questions, circulated according to the War Department's orders, ought to bring out all the information necessary to form an intelligent opinion on the subject. No one is fit to pass on the canteen system who has not seen how it works. No one is so much concerned about the moral and physical condition and the behavior of the American soldier as the officer who commands him. If the officers of the army say that the canteen is a detriment to the service, let it go, but let the army and not the temperance agitators settle its fate.

AT the annual dinner of the North Side Board of Trade, the other night, Mr. James G. Cannon, of the Fourth National Bank, preached an affecting after-dinner sermon on the culpable neglect of well-to-do persons to pay their bills. He raised his voice in behalf of the butcher, the grocer, the dressmaker, the doctor, the dentist, the local tradesman—of all who supply our daily needs and keep the household wheels turning. He said that the prompt payment of obligations to such creditors was a duty that was scandalously neglected, to the derangement of business, to the distress of individuals, and the detriment of the whole community. Persons who hadn't the money to pay their honest debts he sorrowed for, but persons who had the money and didn't pay he denounced. He told of the dressmaker who tried to throw herself under the elevated train because she couldn't pay her bills, and who turned out to have more money due her than she owed; he told of the grocer, in a small way, who failed, having $5000 due him for groceries from one family that lived on Fifth Avenue; he told of the fashionable dame who owed her dressmaker $150, paid $50 on account, and went to Europe, leaving the balance until fall, and leaving the dressmaker to distressful shifts meantime. He told also of the physician whose bill went unpaid so very long that at last he remonstrated; and the lady told him she had had the money for it three times from her husband, but had put it each time to other uses. Every one hears of cases of persons who ought to pay their bills, and could if they chose, and don't. They are very selfish persons. We are all selfish when we keep people who need the money we owe them waiting while we indulge ourselves in expenditures which we ought not to make. It is a great luxury to pay one's bills promptly. Strange to say, it is a luxury to which rich people do not all treat themselves. The people who spend more than they have are not the only ones who are slow pay. A good many persons who could perfectly well pay promptly don't, either because they don't like to part with money or else because they don't care.

Every one who can ought to pay very promptly. Those who can't should pay as promptly as they can. Those who do pay have in the end to pay for those who don't. To have to pay for those who can't is a sad duty, but it may be borne. To have to pay for those who could pay and won't is intolerable.

MARK TWAIN, according to the London *Times*, was to be received by the Emperor of Austria on May 25, and expected to leave Vienna on the following day. The *Times* correspondent also reported that Mr. Clemens had announced that he expected to spend a good part of his remaining days in writing his recollections of the remarkable people whom he has met. These recollections, it seems, are to be for the exclusive benefit of posterity, as their author's intention is to withhold them from publication for a hundred years. He thinks, it seems, that by that time readers will have forgotten him, and will not insist on his maintaining the style of composition which is associated with him by his contemporaries, and which they insist upon having.

A century is a long time to wait for the privilege of being serious, and Mr. Clemens's craving for a fresh audience and a new departure must be exceedingly strong to induce to so protracted a postponement. Let us hope he will write the book, at any rate; then perhaps, just as a precaution, he may have it put into type. Books keep better in print than they do in manuscript, and posterity is surer to get them.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of Boston, has written an important letter, reviewing and lamenting the course of our government in the matter of the Philippines, but reaching, through much tribulation and in weariness of spirit, the conclusion that we have gone too far in our present course to turn back. He thinks that four months ago it was still possible for us to adhere to the traditional American policy, base our action towards the Filipinos on the Monroe doctrine, and treat them as we treated Mexico, keeping our ships at Manila, and leaving Aguinaldo to build up an independent government if he could. Now, he says, "we have destroyed that which was most virile, energetic, and promising in the conditions which we found. Under these circumstances, what remains for us to do?" His conclusion is that, having preferred the British policy to our own, we must go on with it, and try to make it work as well as possible. "The mischief is done; the mistake is irretrievable." It only remains that we should try to limit the interference of the United States to an absolute minimum—should do our best to keep the spoils system out of the Philippines, and uphold the administration in every effort it may make to give the Filipinos good government. "Having accepted the position of copyists," says Mr. Adams, "we must copy as closely as we can. Though we have abandoned the American policy, we should yet seek to infuse as much as we may of the essence of that policy into the conditions imposed upon us. At most it is not likely to be much." Undoubtedly Mr. Adams has expressed the feelings of a great many of his countrymen, who dislike the imperialistic idea as much as he does, and yet, like him, can see no other "way out" than to go on in the Philippines as we have begun.

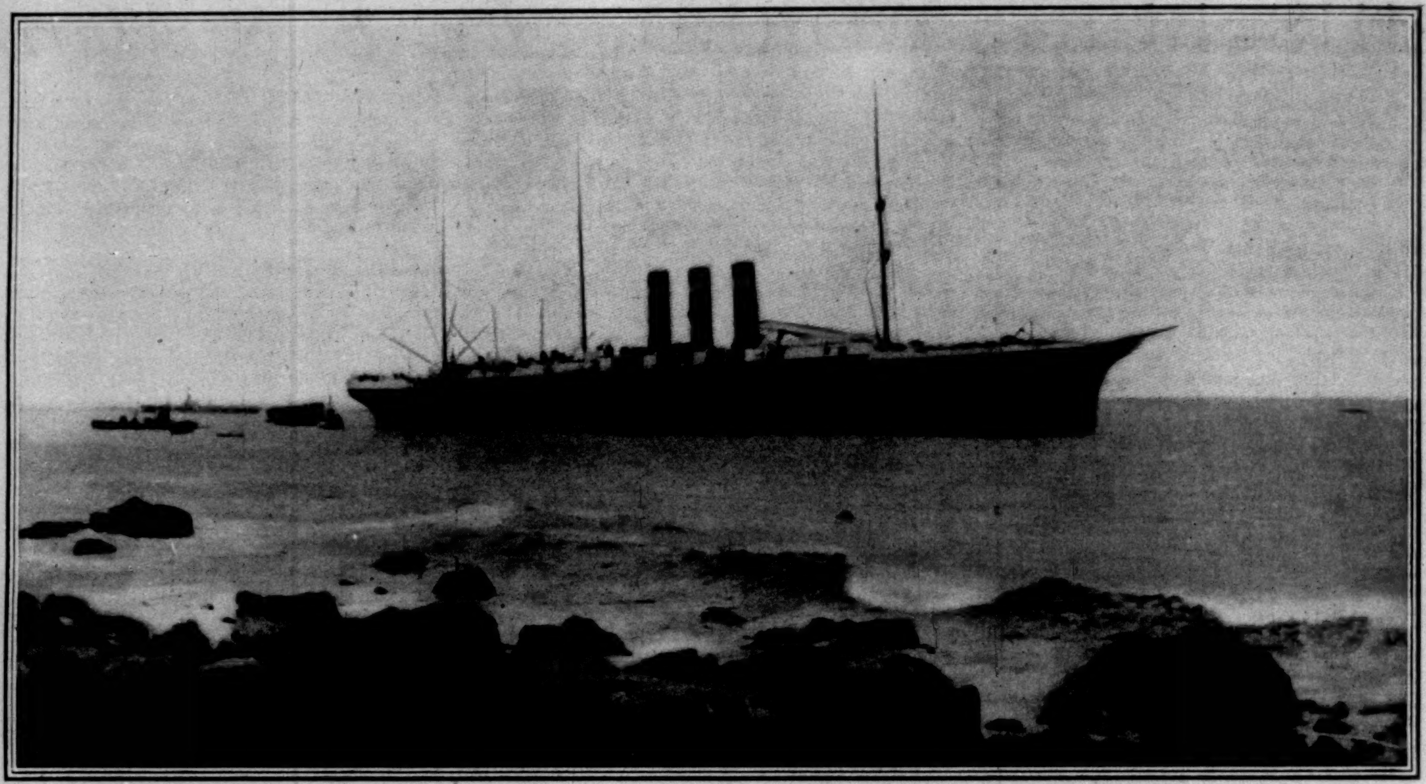
In some quarters, however, his conclusions are assailed with much bitterness, the Springfield *Republican* going so far as to quote for his enlightenment the assertion of Mr. Fessenden of Connecticut, that "God hates a quitter."

IN holding forth, the other day, in the WEEKLY about General Funston of Kansas, Mr. William Allen White fell into philosophical discourse, and averred that the human boy is an uncivilized creature who is not restrained from adventure by the fear of dirt. The adventurous hero, he explained, is a man in whom the boy spirit has survived, and the key to the character of General Funston is that in the thirty-three years of his eventful life there has never been a time when he thought twice about the dirt on his clothes.

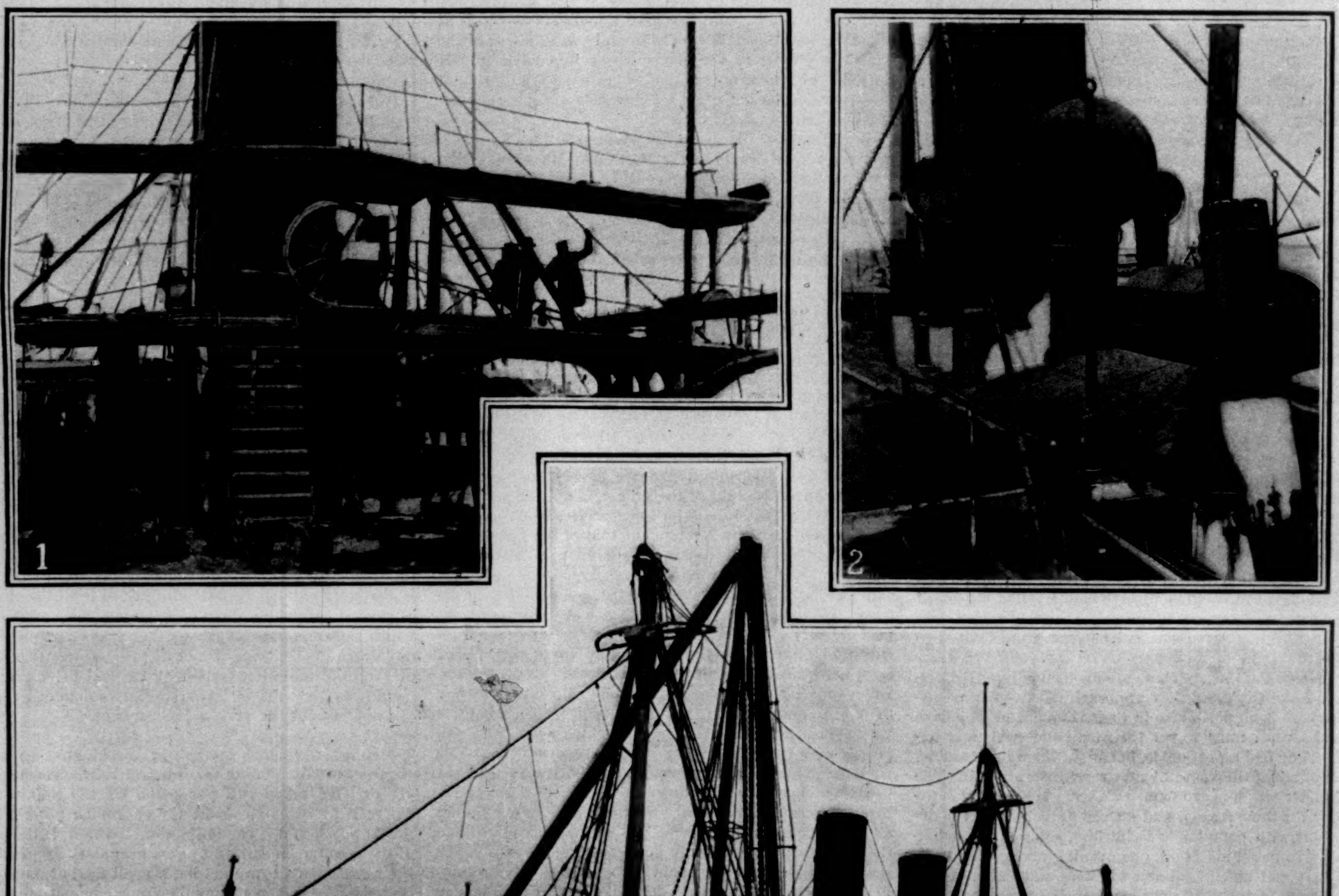
Mr. White's philosophy is all right. There is lots of untamed boy left in the man who loves adventure, as any one may prove who will go up to Albany and get a sample of Colonel Roosevelt for analysis. But in some quarters Mr. White's remarks, taken much too literally, have seemed to mean that General Funston and heroes in general are careless about their dress. That doesn't accord with the facts of history, since it has been recognized, ever since the Spartans curled their hair at Thermopylæ, that fighting-men are apt to be dandies. While, therefore, it is perfectly safe to believe with Mr. White that the fear of getting his clothes dirty or wet has never kept General Funston from doing anything that seemed expedient at any given moment, it will not be safe to infer that General Funston likes dirty clothes on general principles, or is careless in his dress, or less appreciative than other heroes of the great duty of personal adornment.

THE scheme which started in Washington to raise a fund to buy a house for Admiral Dewey seems not as yet to have taken full possession of the public mind. There is no question about the enormous popularity of the Admiral, and it cannot be doubted that, if the people of the country are stirred to give pecuniary expression of their sentiments towards him, a great deal of money will be paid in. If the money does not come, it will be because the Admiral's admirers have their doubts whether this form of appreciation will be agreeable to him.

NOTHING more is known at this writing about the accident to the American line steamer *Paris* than that she went aground early in the morning on May 21, near the Manacles, the rocks near the southwestern extremity of England, on which the *Mohegan* was wrecked a short time ago. The sea was smooth; the passengers and mails were taken off without loss or difficulty, and much of the cargo has since been removed, though the attempts to get the vessel herself clear have as yet been unsuccessful. The *Paris* was on her way to New York from Southampton and Cherbourg. The night was rainy and misty, but not unusually so. How the steamer came to be ten miles off her course within a few hours after leaving port is still a complete mystery. In the case of the *Mohegan*, all of the officers were drowned, so that little light was shed by investigation on the loss of that ship. The inquiry into the case of the *Paris* will be made in this country. The natural inference from the two successive wrecks is that there are currents in the English Channel that are very imperfectly understood.



THE AMERICAN LINE STEAMER "PARIS" ON THE ROCKS AT LOWLAND POINT, ENGLAND.
From a Photograph taken by a Passenger within four hours after the Accident occurred.



THE ARRIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES OF THE FORMER SPANISH WAR-SHIP "REINA MERCEDES."
1. Bridge and Forward Gun-Deck, looking Aft. 2. Amidships, showing Effect of American Shells. 3. The Vessel as she lay at the Dock at Norfolk.—[See Page 585.]

The RECONSTRUCTION of CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

XI.

CONDITIONS IN MATANZAS

THE traveller in Cuba generally declares that the city and province of Matanzas are the most interesting and picturesque of all cities and provinces in the island. There are no extensive mountain ranges in the province, but nature assumes a most pleasing aspect in every part, and presents several show-places, the chief of which is the famous Yumuri Valley, nothing like which can be found elsewhere in Cuba. Another show-place is the sugar-loaf mountain, Pan of Matanzas, about twenty miles west of the city of Matanzas, a headland of beautiful and striking outline, which ocean travellers to Havana often see far out to sea. So much interest in the reconstruction of Cuba has centred in Havana and Santiago that little has been heard from Matanzas. Events of much importance have occurred there, and the results of experiments worked out in that province will have a far-reaching effect in the changed political and industrial conditions in Cuba.

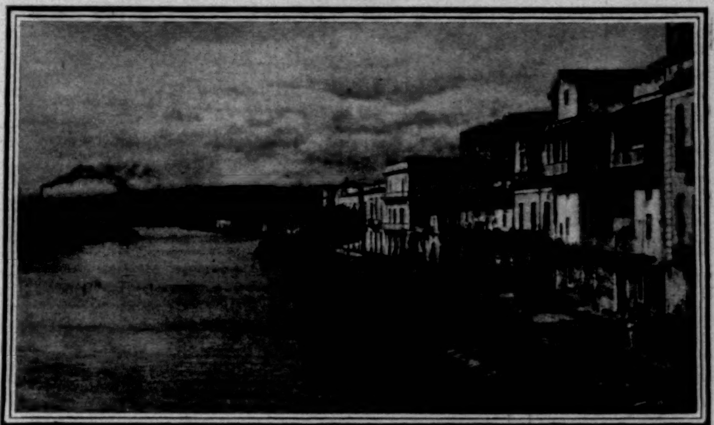
The American military occupation of Matanzas has shown most pointedly that it is possible for an American military governor to be, in the truest sense, a statesman as well as a soldier. The administration of General James H. Wilson in that province has attracted little attention in the United States, for the reason that Havana and Santiago have been the news centres, and the correspondents in the island, except in a few cases, have not been brought in direct contact with affairs in Matanzas, although that city is less than sixty miles east of Havana. The truth is that no more thorough, profitable, energetic, and satisfactory work has been done in our military occupation of Cuba than that in the province of Matanzas. To one who is familiar with the facts it is impossible to speak of General Wilson's work without enthusiasm. The general has been a towering figure in the changes that are going on. Most delicate tact has characterized all his effort, and the result is that in Matanzas and its province there has probably been less friction over our management of affairs than in any other district of Cuba. When one would write about the conditions in the province he must necessarily make the story revolve around James H. Wilson.

General Wilson was one of the most brilliant soldiers of our civil war. After he left the army, affairs of business, of study, of diplomacy, engaged his attention, and as a result he became one of the best equipped men of affairs, in an all-around sense, in the country. Extensive travel brought a rare polish to his make-up, and contact with men in every degree of life so increased his horizon as to give his active powers of observation unusual scope, and to develop his instincts of sympathy and justice to a rare extent. He is the broadest kind of a man, the best type of an American civilian and an American soldier. He made American military occupation of Matanzas pleasant, and one might almost say delightful, to the people. He harmonized jarring interests. He brought about a condition of peace among the people themselves that they never experienced before, and it was easy for an observer to see that the people of the province almost idolized him.

Here is an illustration of the general's way of doing things: When the Spaniards left the province the Cubans came to him and asked if they might not have a celebration in honor of the event. Similar requests were refused in other places.

"Certainly," said General Wilson. "Move right into town and have a three days' fiesta if you wish. Put up your flags and banners and have your parades and dances, and when you get through I will order out my entire complement of troops to show you what American soldiers are like and to pay honor to you."

And the Cubans did move in. They decorated their streets with massive palms. They built arches in half a dozen places in the town. They strung flags and banners and streamers from house to house and across streets. They made the town look like a fairy abode. They made floats symbolic of liberty because the Americans had come and because they were free from Spain. They paraded and danced and sang, and when they were tired out, and the feast had come to an end, General Wilson moved his troops exactly on the minute, and the populace cheered itself hoarse in its huzzas for the United States and the broad-gauged man who represented this country among them.



VIEW ON THE SAN JUAN RIVER AT MATANZAS.

Another illustration: I was seated in General Wilson's office, one day in February last, when the civil governor of the province came in to tell the general that General Gomez was coming to town, and to ask what should be done about it. I shall always remember General Wilson's action on that morning. He wheeled around, placed his hand on the governor's shoulder, his eyes bright with enthusiasm, and said:

"So the old gentleman is really coming? I am glad to hear it. Now make him comfortable. Do everything you can to give him pleasure. Turn out all your troops, and find out what he would like to have us do. He can have any kind of escort he wants. If he wants only a battalion, all right; if he wants a regiment, he shall have it; if he would like to have our entire forces turn out, we will do that. He can have anything he wants in that line; and, by-the-way, be sure to say that we will take any place in the line that those in charge of the reception may designate."

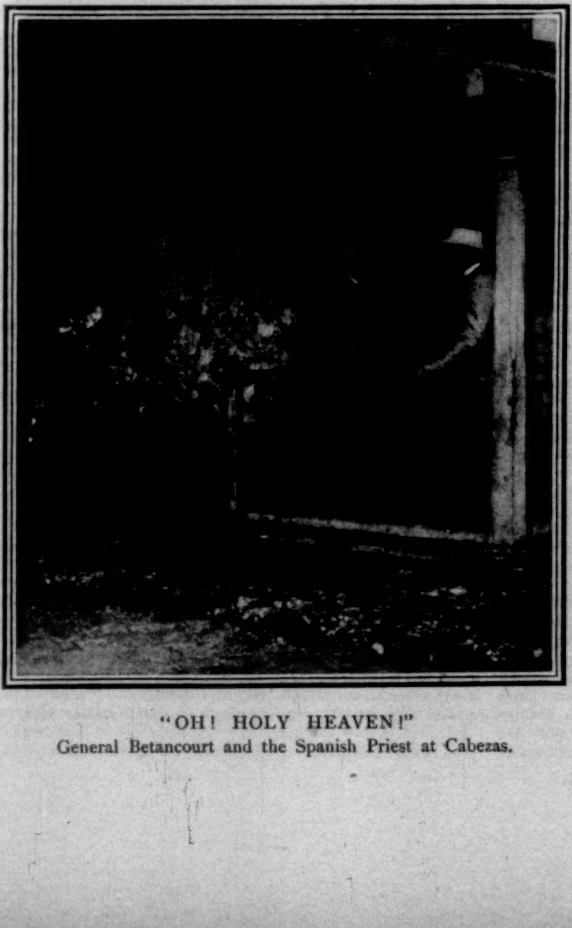
That governor left the place with smiles, and his eyes moistened. Here is another illustration—a little thing: Every night, from eight to nine o'clock, General Wilson had an American military band play in the plaza for the benefit of the people. In other cities the military bands played once or twice a week; in Matanzas it was every night. If an American would like to feel a thrill of patriotism such as never came to him at home, one of those nightly concerts would have been the place. It stirred the blood to hear the "Star-spangled Banner" played in a foreign land, with the odor of flowers heavy in the air, with royal palms and other tropical vegetation for a background, and with the shouts of hundreds of happy children who had just escaped an awful death of starvation. And when every American—soldier and civilian—rose to his feet and uncovered, it was thrilling to see hundreds of foreigners do the same with reverence and gratitude. I never knew what the "Star-spangled Banner" meant until I heard one of General Wilson's bands play it at night on the public square in Matanzas. Not having a military training, I had listened to it at home seated, and perhaps with my hat on, hundreds of times. I was never taught as a boy to uncover at the sound of its strains, but, if the reader will pardon the introduction of purely personal matters into this story, I should like to say that hereafter I shall always rise and uncover. The natives of Matanzas taught me a lesson—one that I wish could be taught to every American citizen. Our schools now teach that hymn faithfully in their singing exercises; how many of them teach the pupils to rise as they sing it and whenever they hear it?

Let me bring other testimony as to the tact and ability of General Wilson. Here is an extract from an article written by Mr. W. F. Allen, editor of the *Travelers' Official Railway Guide*, who visited Cardenas in February:

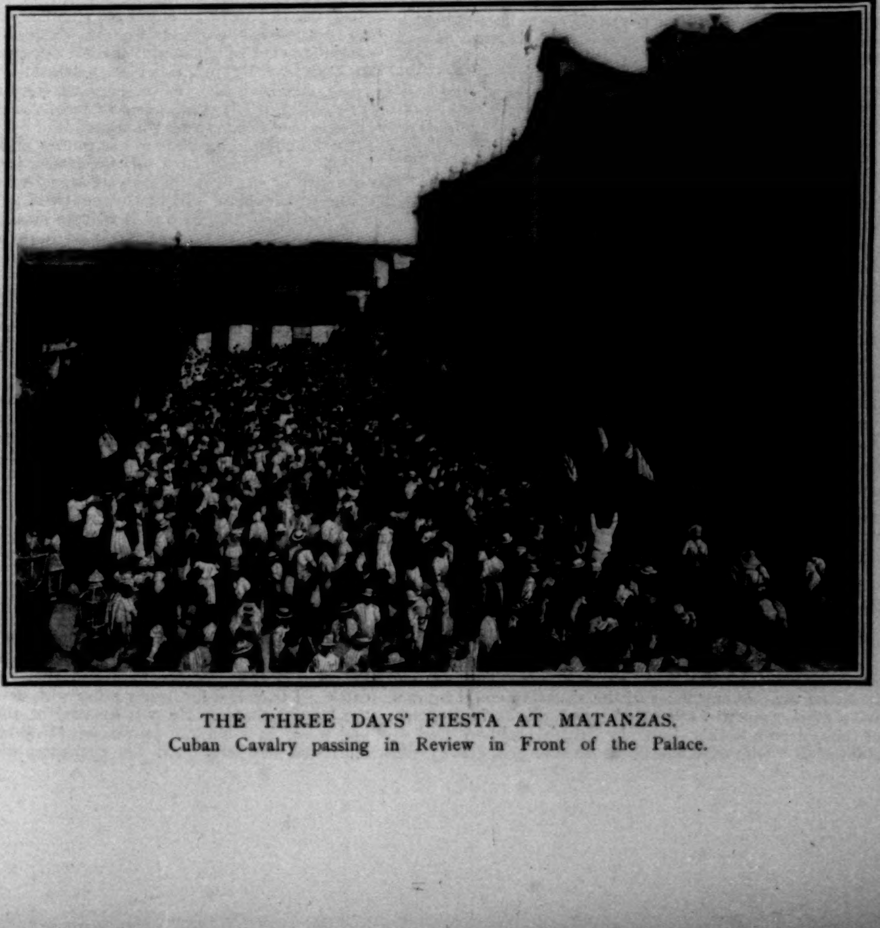
> When Cardenas was first occupied by our troops there were forty prisoners in the jail. It is stated that General Wilson released them all, with a warning as to their fate if caught in any unlawful act. For a month after that there was not a single occupant in the jail, and the patriotic inhabitants of the city hoisted a flag over the building in commemoration of the fact.

Every correspondent who has examined into the management of affairs in Matanzas province has had the same story to tell. It has been a story of tact, common-sense, good judgment, and as a result the people look upon us not as conquerors, but as allies, in the island solely for their benefit and theirs alone. I venture to say that there is less suspicion of Americans in Matanzas than in any other city in Cuba.

Almost before he got settled in Matanzas General Wilson was up and doing. One of his first acts was to take a trip through his entire province by train and on horseback. He visited every place of importance to be found. His special train consisted of one day coach, two passenger-cars with seats removed and supplied with cots and bedding, one cooking and mess car, one baggage-car, and two freight-cars for horses. He learned all there was to learn of the people and their condition in every city, town, and hamlet. I have never seen a more thorough bit of investigation—and as a newspaper man I have been used to investigation all my life—than that done by General Wilson. He made exhaustive notes, and although they were for his private use, he allowed me to examine



"OH! HOLY HEAVEN!"
General Betancourt and the Spanish Priest at Cabezas.



THE THREE DAYS' FIESTA AT MATANZAS.
Cuban Cavalry passing in Review in Front of the Palace.

them freely. He knew the number of people in every place, their condition physically, morally, and mentally; knew what the condition of agriculture was; who the officials of the place were; how many starving and impoverished persons there were; the state of education and religion; what the needs of the place were in a governmental sense; how many animals, cattle, hogs, and horses, there were—in short, everything of human interest in every town and village under his control. From his rough notes alone I could write a book. Here is a sample on the very first page:

Sabanilla.—Arrived 2.30 p.m. 4200 people, one-third of whom are reconcentrados; about 1700 indigent, and need work; have returned about 200 families to their farms. Plantations are not working fully because they are short of cattle; they are growing potatoes and vegetables enough to keep the people going; if they do not have cattle, they cannot begin farming on any scale of importance. Everybody says: "Must have cattle." 150 yoke of oxen are necessary. Have about 14 milking cows in the town. Spaniards left on December 15th; people were not permitted to return to their places until the Spaniards were gone. Eight cases of small-pox here; doctor has visited them, and all people are now vaccinated. 15,000 rations have been received to date, and 3300 already distributed; balance will last 18 or 20 days; 10 on the committee of distribution; people all want rations; mayor is giving only to those who are helpless. About 800 widows, girls, and helpless children left without male support. Mayor himself is working plantation with 80 men and 42 oxen. Will have 100,000 arrobas of cane this year, which he will send to Conchita mill for grinding. Four more plantations producing cane. Four or five caballerias is all mayor is working himself; he has 104 but cannot work them for lack of cattle and money. Situation is gradually improving, people are getting to work, are in fairly good condition and very hopeful.

Here is another extract selected at haphazard:

Las Cabezas.—Arrived 9.20 a.m., Tuesday, January 24th. Met at depot by alcalde and ayuntamiento; name of alcalde, Doctor Litio Fumero. Senora Adelaida Perez, the schoolmistress, with her school of 64 girls, also at depot. The girls were all well dressed and clean, and Senora Perez made a very intelligent and patriotic address. She has received no pay for three years, and the alcalde was instructed to furnish her with rations if she was needy. The town looks poor, scattered and very dirty, and yet the alcalde states that in former times they were very prosperous. Visited the church, which had formerly been used by the Spanish troops as a barracks; it was in a filthy condition, and the priest was under the influence of liquor; he was an illiterate Spaniard brought over with the Spanish troops, and evidently not worth taking back. The cemetery (the care of which seems heretofore to have been one of the functions of the priests) was in a horrible condition; skulls and bones lying on top of the ground, and everything unkempt and decaying. Town people advised to secure another priest.

Railroad has been running into the town about four years. Between 5000 and 6000 people in the termino; before the war there were 9700; the difference in numbers represents the people who have died, starved or been killed. They had in this town 4500 reconcentrados, many of whom died. There are now about 300 widows and their families. Total destitute from 700 to 1000. Some of the people have left for the sugar estates in other terminos to find employment. They are raising a few vegetables, enough to keep the people from starving. 26 families, some with male members, are waiting to be placed on their plantations and farms. No rations yet received. Some small-pox in December, but none now Rations have been received at Bermeja in same termino. Alcalde instructed to ration only the helpless, and to use his best endeavors to teach the people to begin to help themselves.

Termino is very rich in agriculture in good times. People are industrious and expect in a couple of years to have recovered from the effects of the war. One man has 20 caballerias of cane; cattle and oxen needed badly. 330 Spanish troops here for two years; after the people had planted and raised crops the Spanish soldiers would not permit them to gather, but took from them, and also stole everything they had, cattle, cows, chickens—everything. Naturally a healthy town; situated at the edge of the plain, near the hill country; hills not to exceed 50 feet in height; have five good wells; plenty of water.

GOVERNOR'S PALACE, AND PLAZA DE ARMAS, MATANZAS.

Some of the general information that General Wilson secured in the first days of his administration may be summed up as follows: In 1894 there were 298,391 cattle in the province of Matanzas; in January, 1899, there were only 8800. In 1894 there were 102,000 horses in the province, and at the beginning of 1899 only 3700. Matanzas province had a population of 272,000 in 1894; in the beginning of 1899 the population numbered 191,000. Practically one-third of the people died during the war. The percentage of starvation from the Weyler reconcentration order was greater in Matanzas than in any other city of the island, but in the small towns of the province it was even larger than in Matanzas city. Here is a sample from statistics collected by Captain Thompson of General Wilson's staff, who went to the small town of Mocha, only eleven miles from Matanzas: In Mocha, in 1894, there were 80 houses and 600 people. By orders of General Weyler 4500 people were concentrated there to starve. In the early part of 1899 there were 1280 people in that village. In the year 1897 alone there were 1214 deaths there. To any one knowing the circumstances of the situation could figures tell a greater story of absolute horror? Fully 70 per cent. of those driven to this village by Spanish soldiers died of starvation. Oh, what stories those enlarged graveyards of Cuba could tell if the dead could speak! It makes a man of sentiment sick to look at them.

But turn to a pleasanter picture. It was Carnival Week when I reached Matanzas, and for three nights the plaza in the centre of town was a scene of jollity. A blizzard was raging in the eastern part of the United States at the time, and the sharp wind of the cool wave that blasted Florida swept across the Gulf Stream and made light overcoats comfortable in Cuba. The hot moist condition of the atmosphere was gone, and in its place was an air that made romping comfortable. For three nights all the healthful youngsters in town, and many that were not healthful, crowded to the plaza, wearing masks and dominoes. They masqueraded in outlandish costumes, and danced and frolicked to the music made by a regimental band from Indiana. A happier lot than these youngsters was never collected. They shouted and screamed, made believe to frighten one another, delivered grandiloquent speeches, imitated all sorts of animals, tossed flowers about, and gave themselves up to a riot of fun. Hundreds of grown folks—chiefly negroes—also masked themselves and went prancing about. There was no spirit of war in that gathering, and even hunger was forgotten until morning, when the poor gathered at the palace to receive the food the army was distributing to those who needed it.

All the clubs in town were lighted up, and in the largest one facing the plaza there was a full-dress ball, to which the *élite* of the city went, and where a score or more of army officers and their wives were guests. Down a side street there were two or three Cuban balls, or, to be more exact, Cuban negro balls, where the distinctive Cuban dance, puzzling in its short mincing step, its twisting motion of feet and body, curious in its mental if not its moral effect, was danced to the weird combination of music consisting of violins and trumpets and tomtoms—I wish that music might be played in this country—that always goes with that dance. The entire town was gay and happy, and the sombre cathedral in the centre of town, with its jangling bells—there does not seem to be a tuneful church bell in all Cuba—seemed out of place in a setting of so much joy.

Matanzas, like Havana, was being cleaned by the United States authorities. The prisoners were set at cleaning streets, and Cubans were being hired to help in the work. General Wilson made no secret of the fact that he saw no necessity for our government to put in sewers and the like in a foreign city. He believed in cleaning up the place on general principles, but as for installing a system of public works, that he believed was extra-territorial, and not incumbent upon a force sent to the island for the purpose of pacification. He said to me:

"The Federal government in our own country does not put in sewers, pave streets, and the like. Why should we do it here?"

General Wilson said he believed in the efficacy of ordinary cleanliness, and if that was enforced strictly, he said, he thought there would be no unusual epidemic of yellow fever in the city. That his views about cleanliness were well founded was shown by the remarkably good health of our soldiers there. There was no sickness of any account among them in Matanzas, and I was told that the health of the city was better than ever before. It is an attractive place. Many of the streets are well paved, and although the architecture of the city resembles that of all the other cities of Cuba, the city did not have that peculiar Spanish aspect that Havana has. It was a delight to see the inscription on an arch, left over from the festivities when the Cubans celebrated the Spanish evacuation, reading, "Hurrah, the United States," even if it did make one smile. Matanzas, worst scourged of all Cuban cities by hunger and famine and death, was the happiest in the island in carnival days and under the administration of General Wilson. As an American to an American, I give him a cordial salute!

In going from Havana to Matanzas one finds the country slightly different in character from that to the west of Havana, on the way to Pinar del Rio. In places it is rugged and rough. There are gullies and gorges, over which the railroad runs. Huge stones in many places crop out of the soil. There are sharp variations in the color of the earth. In one place it will be reddish, and only a short distance away it will be nearly black. The color of the soil seems to have little to do with its fertility. There is good and bad red soil, and also good and bad black soil. One goes through sharp cuts on the railroad and over several high trestles soon after leaving Havana. In the distance, here and there, low ranges of hills are visible. At almost every station the traces of the torch are visible. The ruins of sugar-factories are in evidence in half a dozen places in this distance of fifty-four miles from Havana to Matanzas. Near the city of Havana, Maceo made frequent dashes into towns and villages, emptying the jails, shooting at the guards in the block-houses, burning houses and factories. Nearer to Matanzas, on the open plain and in the foot-hills about the famous Pan of Matanzas, General Betancourt fought many pitched battles with the Spanish forces that were stationed in and about Matanzas.

It was a pleasure to see some of the sugar-centrals in operation. I remember one that had its tall smoke-stack painted bright red. It seemed like a beacon to all the country round, and it proclaimed a new order of things. There were said to be 105 sugar-centrals in Matanzas province. One-half of them were destroyed in the war, and about thirty-five of them expected to do some grinding this year. Another pleasing sight on the way to Matanzas was the presence here and there of bunches of cattle. I travelled for nearly a day with a cattle-man from the United States. He was amazed at the fine grasses and water in Matanzas province. He declared that the land was not only good for agricultural purposes, but that there was sufficient grass in the province to support a million cattle.

Everywhere that one went in Matanzas province the cry was for cattle. I can probably illustrate the importance of this need by a conversation, taken from General Wilson's notes, between the general and a Mr. Mendoza, owner of a sugar-plantation at Banaguises. The conversation occurred on the plantation during General Wilson's tour.

General Wilson. "I have been told in the termino of El Roque that they had 30,000 head of cattle before the Spanish soldiers began their depredations, or before they began to lose them through the effects of the war. Is this correct?"

Mr. Mendoza. "I think it is, because I had myself over 2000 cattle, and now I have but one cow. I had 1000 cattle and 700 cows in all; but these cows had calves, and the number had increased to about 2000. I simply lost them all. At first I killed a great many myself, and fed my people fresh meat free. Every day I saw the Spanish soldiers taking them away or killing them, and I thought I might as well make use of them."

General Wilson. "All of your cattle were destroyed in some way or another. How about your neighbors? Did they fare the same?"

Mr. Mendoza. "So far as I know, they were treated the same way, every one of them. We used to get our cattle from Puerto Principe, where they made a business of breeding them, and we never imported any cattle, not a single head, for the last ten years. I imported four Holstein cows and a bull recently, which cost me $1000, but they are all dead but one cow, and that is dying. Before the war a good cow cost from $60 to $70, and a pair of oxen from $70 to $75. I have bought this year 250 oxen, and have paid about $130 per yoke."

General Wilson. "Would it not now be profitable to breed and fatten cattle?"

Mr. Mendoza. "I was thinking of that, but am afraid of having many cattle just now. There is so much suffering in the island that, while people would not ordinarily steal, they might do it now; they are none too honest at any time, and the temptation would be too great for them."

Everywhere that General Wilson went it was the same cry. I notice that under the heading "Amarillas" he says,

"Greatest of all necessities—oxen, oxen, oxen!"

In his note on Calimete he says:

"Several small colonias near here are cutting cane, but they have no oxen; only the great estates have any oxen this season. Sixty yoke of oxen would greatly aid in re-establishing business, but a far greater number will be needed before normal conditions can be obtained."

And so throughout these valuable and exhaustive notes there is scarcely a place mentioned where General Wilson does not reiterate the need of oxen.

It is worthy of mention that all Americans who were competent to judge agreed that there was a great future for fruit-growing in Cuba. Twenty years ago the Havana orange was one of the commonest fruits in the American markets. The Florida and California oranges practically drove it out. Orange-growing has received a severe set-back in Florida from two destructive freezes within the last ten years. Frosts cannot affect the Cuban orange. It is to-day one of the sweetest and richest of fruits. It has not so delicate a flavor as the Florida orange, but it is sweeter than our home product, and rich in flavor. Transportation to this country is cheap, and when final peace comes to Cuba it would seem to be probable that, in view of the failure of the orange experiment in Florida, a large trade in oranges should spring up from Cuba. In his notes on Ytabo, General Wilson remarked:

"This looks like a good place for Americans to come to grow fruit. It is one of the best places in the island for this purpose, more especially for pineapples, which do not require care. Certain lands known here as 'dry lands' are particularly good. A fine quality of tobacco is also grown here."

This extract simply illustrates, as I have already pointed out, the great thoroughness and mental alertness of General Wilson in his work. When it is considered that he made preparations for taking a census long before any official instructions reached him, that he made a study of labor conditions, gathered statistics of every kind in relation to the province—his material on sugar alone would be sufficient for an exhaustive treatise—and in addition governed wisely, meeting the many complicated problems with resource, courage, and frankness, it is impossible to restrain admiration for him. He retained men in the offices they held, unless they were incompetent or guilty of improper conduct. He induced the Cubans even to select former Spanish sympathizers to serve with them on the boards that managed municipal affairs in several places, and he kept reiterating on all proper occasions that the mission of the United St tes forces in Cuba was for pacification solely He fed from 20,000 to 30,000 persons daily for a time, sought ways of finding employment for the poor, and encouraged them to take heart. He visited the hospitals, and caused them to be purified; opened homes for orphans; cleaned the streets and pest-holes—work in which he had the full co-operation and support of his chief military assistant, Brigadier-General Sanger. He tried to devise means of improving commerce, and so thoroughly was he informed that while talking on this subject I remember he quoted almost off-hand figures showing the amount of sugar shipments from Cardenas and Matanzas. In 1894, he said, there were 2,471,000 sacks shipped, and in 1898 the shipments had fallen to 920,000 sacks. He told me that in his investigations he had found that the pay of unskilled labor was forty cents a day, and the cost of living from twenty to twenty-five cents a day—allowing six cents for rice, four cents for meal, seven cents for beans, and the rest for other things. He had gathered full statistics about the 500 miles of railroads in the province and about the shipping interests of the various harbors. The province of Santa Clara was added to his command recently, and he has just finished a trip through it.

I might go on at great length about the conditions in Matanzas, but it would amount largely to a reiteration of General Wilson's name. I might add that he did not hesitate to apply the knife where it was necessary, but he was engaged chiefly in binding up wounds. His relations with the priests were cordial—with one exception, perhaps. That was in a small town where General Wilson found a church in a most filthy condition. It was a menace to health. He ordered the priest to have the church cleaned, and rode on. He was out of patience, and finally decided to send General Betancourt back to the priest with imperative orders as to cleanliness. General Betancourt told the man that if his Master should come to this earth again, He would not set foot inside of the priest's

church, because it was so dirty. The priest raised his chin, opened his hands, and said, "Oh, holy Heaven!" That priest found it convenient to leave the place.

Perhaps the conditions in Matanzas can be summed up best in the words of General Wilson to the officials of the town of Colon, a place of about 16,000 people. General Betancourt acted as interpreter at the conference, and General Wilson said:

"Say to them, general, that I have been in every country in the Northern Hemisphere, and I have never seen any portion of the world that presents more evidences of fertility and possible richness than the country from La Union to this place, where you can plant and harvest every day of the year."

The civil governor made this grateful reply:

"If you have found the country fertile and the soil rich, you will also find the Cuban hearts as rich in their gratitude and appreciation; and as the country grows richer, due entirely to the assistance given to it by the United States, you will find also that the Cuban hearts will grow daily in their appreciation of and love for the great American republic."

General Wilson responded to that, and his response throws light on the actual situation in Cuba:

"I am very much surprised to find the people so deserving and industrious. The impression prevalent in many portions of the world is that the Spanish-American people are not industrious, that they are a light and trivial people; but any one who entertains this opinion will be compelled to change it if he comes to the island of Cuba."

The Wardner Labor Troubles

GOV. STEUNENBERG and General Merriam, who are in charge of the riotous district at Wardner, Idaho, have taken drastic measures to prevent a reoccurrence of recent outrages. Their action in barring union miners from working in the properties of the Cœur d'Alenes has aroused a storm of denunciation among labor organizations from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The union leaders protest against it as a usurpation of militarism, and the initial blow in a deliberate campaign against the rights of working-men. Indeed, both the Federated Labor Union of New York and the great Miners' Union at Butte, the largest in the world, have attacked General Merriam and Governor Steunenberg, and have denounced their policy.

Ever since the strikes of 1892 the periodical outbreaks of the union miners of the Cœur d'Alenes have been attended by riots, murders, and the destruction of property. In each case the unions have been confessedly at the root of the crimes. Three times has it been necessary to declare martial law.

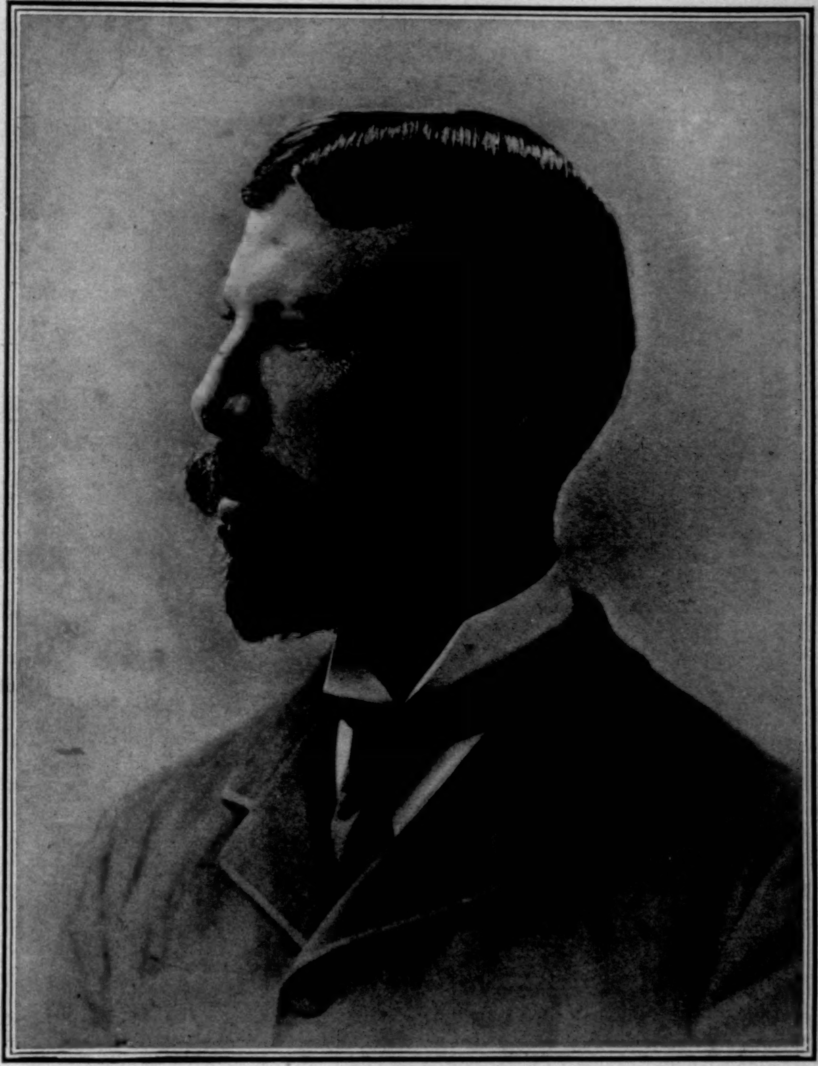
In HARPER'S WEEKLY dated May 20 a review of the situation was given, together with photographs illustrating the destructive work of the rioters, who brought several thousand pounds of dynamite from Burke.

Immediately after the destruction of the Bunker Hill mill and the murder of two men at Wardner on April 29, Governor Steunenberg despatched State-Auditor Bartlett Sinclair to the spot, with full authority to act for the Executive. There Mr. Sinclair met General Merriam, in charge of the Federal troops who had been sent in. Both, after a careful examination of the troubles, were convinced that peace could be restored only by disrupting the unions which had fostered and fomented the outrages. So long as the unions remained in power, a continuance of such disorders might be looked for. Accordingly Mr. Sinclair and General Merriam jointly issued a proclamation intended to make it impossible for union men to be employed in the mines during the continuance of martial law. The proclamation provided that only miners holding special permits might remain at work. In order to secure permission, the applicant, if a union man, must, "believing that the miners' unions of the Cœur d'Alenes were responsible for the crimes of April 29," forever renounce and abjure his allegiance to the union, and promise not to rejoin it. At the same time the mine-owners were informed that their properties would be closed down if they employed any miners not holding permits. That precaution, however, was unnecessary, for the mine-owners have been in entire accord with the new ruling, and are desirous of being rid of the dangerous class of men who have dominated the district.

The union miners, on the other hand, are incensed over the order, and almost without exception have refused to renounce their organization in order to remain at work. As a consequence the union mines have been closed down for want of men. The owners are now arranging to bring in non-union miners. The change will not affect the present scale of $3 50 per day, and it will be paid to the imported "scab" men just as it has been paid to the union members.

In addition to the four companies of colored soldiers on guard in the riotous district, two full troops of mounted cavalry from Fort Robinson, Nebraska, have arrived, and will patrol the region in little squads, to prevent isolated attacks by the strikers not yet captured.

CONNER MALOTT.



PROFESSOR ARTHUR T. HADLEY,
The Newly Elected President of Yale University.

Yale's New Leader

IT has been said, among the comments which the selection of Professor Hadley as successor to President Dwight elicited from the press of the country, that Yale was in the period of her university transition, and that the problem before her young President was a vast one. This is a statement of an important if rather obvious fact—a statement well worth making and well worth considering; if, however, the problem referred to is taken to be solely and narrowly a problem of university government, the statement leaves untouched far and away the most interesting element in the situation. At no other time in the century of our national history or in the two centuries of Yale's history has there been a more imperative demand for a full recognition of the vital connection which exists between university and nation; for it is now plainly the duty of those in authority at our institutions of learning to realize that, quite beyond the local questions of university government and (for example) bicentennial financial schemes, or the relations which the university sustains to the city of New Haven and the State of Connecticut, is the question of questions, which is the problem of the United States, with all its cities and all its new possessions: What is the meaning of the new expansive force in our national life, and which way lies the right?—not "which way lies the game?"

The nation has also reached the period of its transition, when great public themes are to be debated, and are to be decided not on grounds of mere expediency, but in accordance with principles of justice, which in America have passed beyond the experimental stage. This is to be done with the consent of political leaders, we hope; but if that high approval is withheld, then it is to be done against the opposition of political leaders and in spite of any impediments they may contrive. It is to be done not in a single year or in the course of a single Presidential campaign, but in a running fight which may outlast a generation; and we have the right to expect noble and patriotic service in this cause from the men who receive their training for public life at Yale. The problems of the nation are the problems of the university also.

At this critical moment Yale has chosen as her President a man whose unquestioned intellectual power is not of the narrowly academic order, whose studies in history and political science have given him breadth of view and independence of judgment, and whose methods of instruction are designed to cultivate the same qualities in his students—to stimulate original research on their part, in the belief that this is the only road to opinions which may be used as well as held. Among his friends who have known much of his life, which has included some difficult conquests together with many brilliant and apparently easy successes, Mr. Hadley is frankly admired as a man of high courage, as well as high character; to his friends, then, to the undergraduates, and to recent graduates who came under his instruction during the college course, his selection as Yale's chief executive when the importance of that office has become most apparent seems especially fortunate; and it is safe to say that the whole body of graduates will join in congratulating both the university and its new leader upon the present splendid opportunity.

Arthur Twining Hadley, son of the renowned and beloved professor of Greek at Yale, James Hadley, and grandson of another Professor James Hadley, who taught chemistry in Fairfield (New York) Medical College, was born in New Haven on April 23, 1856. His preparation for college was gained at the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven. In 1876 he was graduated from the academical department of Yale, and was already marked for distinction in scholarship, letters, and debate.

After a year of study as a graduate at New Haven, he entered the University of Berlin, and remained abroad until he was invited to accept a tutorship in Yale College—a position which he held for four years. The corporation elected him to the position of Professor of Political Economy in the seventh year, I think, of his experience as instructor or lecturer. The publication, in 1885, of his volume entitled *Railway Transportation: Its History and Laws* established his reputation as a high authority on a subject which he had chosen to specialize. Three years ago an outcome of studies in an adjoining field was his *Economics: An Account of the Relations between Private Property and Public Welfare*.

When the announcement of the corporation's choice was made on the campus on the evening of May 25, the students organized a notification parade, paid enthusiastic tribute to Professor Hadley, and then made their way, cheering tumultuously, to the President's house. President Dwight came out and addressed the students as his classmates. He explained that it had taken him fifty years to get through Yale; he hoped they would find their course as delightful as his; he found it pleasanter the further he went.

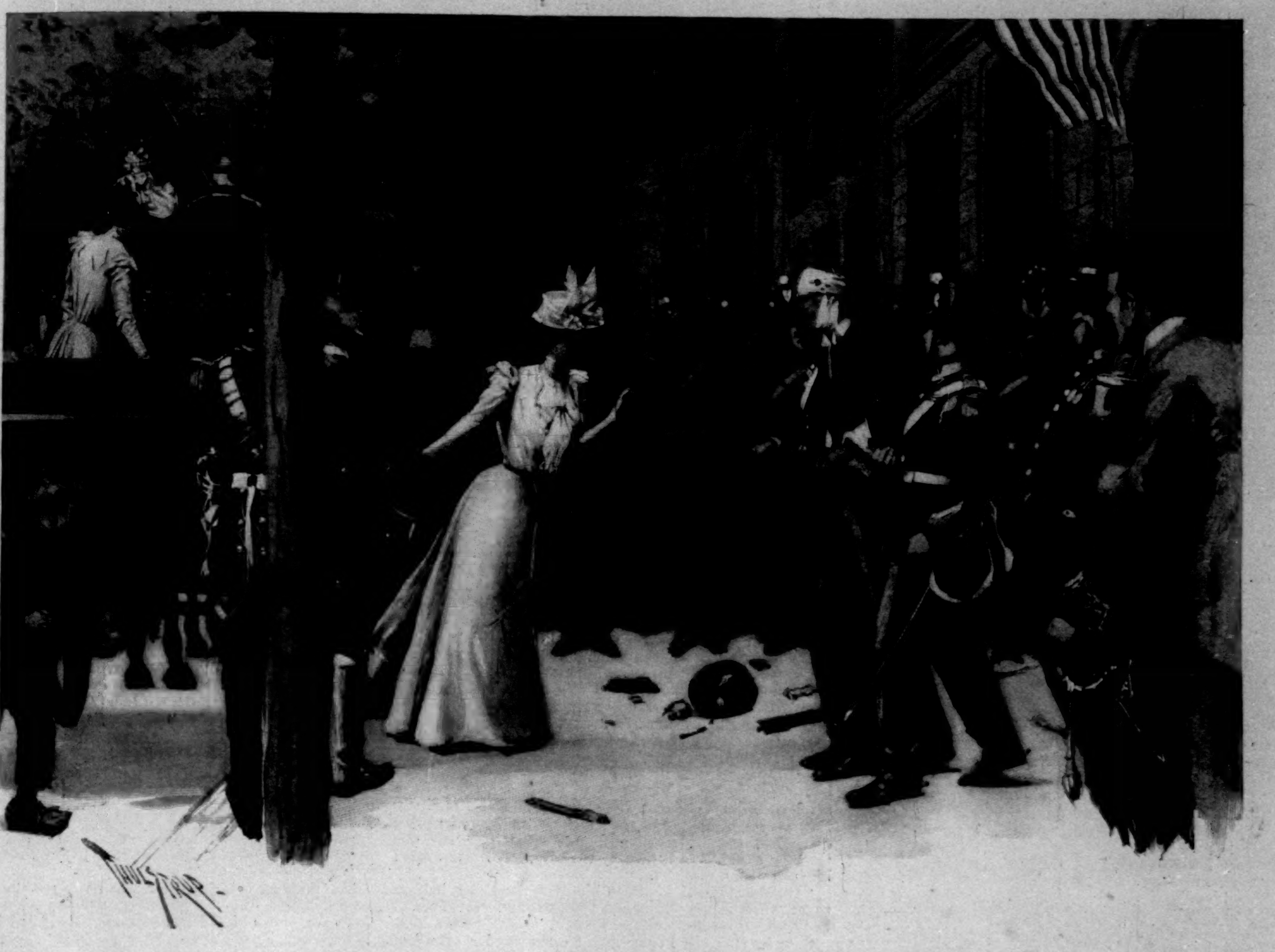
Surely nothing more charming could be said; no more attractive relationship could be implied; no further proof is required that when common devotion to a grand cause levels, it does *not* level down, though Professor Sumner used to teach us that we should distrust all levelling proposals!

MARRION WILCOX.

Gov. Steunenberg. State-Auditor Sinclair. Brig.-Gen. H. C. Merriam, U. S. A. State-Att'y-Gen. Hays.

PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE LABOR TROUBLES AT WARDNER.

A LONG PUTT TO HALVE THE HOLE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.



THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. Hardy is much interested in the reported infatuation of Prince Edric of Prussia with a peasant girl of Luxembourg. On the through express from Paris to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger of much the same age and build, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian army officer named Stanerl von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own, though advising him not to show it. Hardy, mistaken for von Elbe, is arrested at the station and placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, and believing that she is speaking to von Elbe, professes her love for him, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She leaves with him a ring as a keepsake. He is visited by two German emissaries, named Wiepert and Vossburg, establishes his identity, and is informed that the mysterious woman was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg. Going to the American Legation, he finds his chum, Victor Osborne, there as First Secretary. After breakfast he sees von Elbe—whom he now knows to be Prince Edric of Prussia—passing, and follows him. Edric, after purchasing some photographs of the Queen of Holland and a railroad ticket to Wilverwiltz, turns and sees Hardy. They go to Hardy's apartments, and the latter tells Edric of his adventures in prison. He asks Edric to return the ring to the Grand-Duchess. At sight of it Edric becomes much agitated, and informs him that it does not belong to her. Their youthful blood boils over in a boxing match.

CHAPTER X.

A MAN'S FREEDOM.

A chapter containing hints of a complication calculated to embarrass an empire and a grand-duchess.

IN the course of a dozen seconds I punched the Prince on the nose. In the scuffle that followed I hit him again.

Then we thrashed around the room for a while, pommelling each other in public-school style, upsetting chairs, until he slipped on a rug and sat down abruptly on the sofa.

Oh, but it did us good! We breathed deeply and scowled at each other. The old schoolboy spirit flared up—the delight in fighting, the intoxication of thwacking a comrade at close quarters, the ecstasy of being punched on the nose! Blessed privilege of youth!—thrice envied of old age! Not until the last arm falls paralyzed and the last clinched fist relaxes—not until the last man has ended his last bout with death—shall the wholesome instinct of battle fail on this battle-scarred planet.

The Prince got up from the sofa; I gave ground, feinted, then hit him on the nose. A moment later he had my head in chancery, and I assisted at a noble display of fireworks. That ended the round. The Prince, being a gentleman, held his nose over the fireplace to spare my carpet, and I brought cold water and a sponge. Before his nose had ceased from troubling we were laughing together over the whole matter, and chatting on the very best of terms.

He was courteously considerate; he held the wash-basin carefully under his chin and sat down on the sofa, while I made two more cocktails.

"What fun!" he kept repeating, in a voice brimming with laughter. "We must do that again, eh? I'll show you something, too—a double lead-off at head and body, that I meant to use on you, but forgot."

"How's your nose?" I inquired, sympathetically, coming up with the cocktails. He set down the wash-basin, wiped his face on a towel, and took the cocktail.

"See here," he said; "I wish we might be friends."

"So do I," I replied; "but somehow we squabble frightfully."

"I believe," he said, "we shall always squabble; friendship is a record of mutual misunderstanding. Nobody takes the trouble to differ with an enemy."

He looked sentimentally at the split olive in the bottom of his glass, then swallowed it.

"Who told you my name?" he asked.

I accounted for my knowledge, and gave him a brief outline of everything that had occurred.

"Well," he said, philosophically, "I am to-day as friendless and unimportant as any prowling street cat in Berlin." He held up his glass and looked through it with a reflective smile. "My titles are emptier than that," he said.

"Then let us refill it!" I rejoined, gayly.

"I'd only drain it again, I'd empty it to the dregs."

Now his face grew older with the shadow of care that often lay heavy under his pleasant eyes.

"I wish we might be friends," he repeated; "do you?"

"We are and will be," I replied, cheerfully.

"Notwithstanding your inborn dislike of Germans?"

I met his quizzical smile seriously.

"I suppose," I said, "that you are self-exiled, and that you have voluntarily forfeited your rank and titles for reasons—"

"What reasons?"

"Everybody knows."

He replied, quite simply: "It is true; I have renounced my world to enter another. It is, after all, my own affair."

I said nothing.

He continued: "I fancy I am a better republican than you are; it takes a prince to understand the blessings of democracy."

There was a tinge of bitterness in his tone. He went on speaking, his head turned towards the window, where the sunlight splintered into a million iridescent sparks against the ground glass:

"I am, or I wish to be, merely a private gentleman, whose affairs concern nobody but himself. The press will let me alone in time; I am not essential to its prosperity."

"And the Emperor?" I asked.

"His Majesty will also find me uninteresting," he said, coloring faintly. "I shall not go back."

Presently he looked up at me. "It's rather undignified —a runaway prince—don't you think?"

Before I could reply he added: "Damn the dignity! I have had twenty-five years of it. I've always wished to do something in the world; I've always had a mania to be let alone. I'm an officer, and I love and respect the army, but I've always longed to give every moment of my life to natural history, and try to do something original in either ornithology or entomology. Why, Hardy, do you know, I've sat in the Brandenbourg palace and chewed my sword-hilt, and envied that Monaco prince who spends his time, when he wishes to, in fishing up coral and seaweed and polyps for his collection!"

I was touched by the young fellow's simplicity; I listened, however, without comment, because I saw he wanted to talk, and I thought my silence was sufficient sympathy for the moment.

"At twenty-five," he continued, "a man knows his mind. Don't you think so? Well, then, I found that liberty was worth having at cost price. I might have hesitated a year longer had it not been for his Majesty's desire to have me marry. Think of it, you a freeman—think!—imagine your President choosing a wife for you!"

"Your Emperor is more than the political head of Germany to you," I answered.

"I know. But I cannot stand it! I need to breathe freely; I need to feel limb-free; I cannot endure this political slavery—I cannot!"

He stretched out both arms and took a deep breath.

"I was to have been betrothed to her Majesty of Holland. We had never even seen each other. Her Majesty, being as high-spirited as she is independent, snubbed us, and she will never know how indebted to her I am. Now the project has been resuscitated. So I left Berlin."

"I saw you buying several photographs to-day," I said, smiling.

"I did—her Majesty of Holland's. And you could never imagine why."

I waited, much amused by his eager desire for sympathy and confidence.

"It was because they resemble the face of somebody else whom I hope to marry," he said, naïvely. "Do you mind my talking to you?"

Then, half wistfully, half eagerly, he told me of his plans, his hopes, his determination to live like other men, free in mind and body, free to seek the road to happiness, wherever it lay, and pursue it as God had given the right.

"What you read in the papers was misleading," he said. "Last year, while collecting bird's eggs in the Ardennes, near Wilverwiltz, I stopped to make an inquiry at the Duke's lodge. There was a young girl there with the head forester—his niece, he said. Whoever she was, I know that nowhere in the world have I seen another like her."

He jumped up and walked to the window, pressing his forehead against it, watching the sparrows gather in the trees—for evening was not far off.

I went and stood beside him. Presently he continued, as though speaking to himself: "She is everything a woman should be. I told the Emperor. After what he said I could stay no longer in Prussia."

"Is she here—in Luxembourg?" I asked.

"Yes—no—I don't know. The forester is dead; I don't know where she is. You see, I did not tell her who I was; I said nothing when I went away."

He turned earnestly to me. "I tell you, I knew, the moment I saw her, that she was the only woman in the world. And the thought terrified me—me, a man born as free as you!—because I knew that I never could speak of love to her—never! Listen, Hardy. I am a decent fellow, morally; I have never been anything else. And yet a word of love from me to her would have been misconstrued as insult."

He was excited now; he began to pace the room, hands tightly clasped behind his back.

"Think of it, Hardy! Is it not enough to make a man leave the damnable slavery of caste? Isn't it enough to make a clean-minded man renounce a society which would tolerate anything but marriage? And I tell you that had any other man spoken to me about this young girl as a certain man spoke, I should have killed him! I am no fool. If it had pleased Heaven to make me love a woman of my own caste, I should have clung to her, too, Emperor or no Emperor. But it's settled now. I'm as free and self-respecting as any freeman; I'll follow where my inclination leads, and take my chances like a man among men."

"If Wiepert and Vossburg trouble you?" I suggested.

He gave me an ugly look.

"They'll get off with their lives—unless they use force."

Then he took me impulsively by the arm.

"See here, Hardy; did the cloaked figure in the red hood look anything like the Queen of Holland?"

"Not in the least," I said, thankfully.

He was so frankly relieved that I laughed, and shook his outstretched hand heartily.

"It must have been the Duchess," he said; "yet—yet—where on earth did she get this ring?"

I leaned over and examined the dull gold lying in the palm of his hand.

"Where did you see that ring before?" I asked.

"I? Why—I left it there in the forester's lodge. And I think the forester's niece knew that it was for her."

"You left it there?"

"Yes. I even—er—gave it to her."

"And she put it on?"

"Er—I put it on."

"Oh! And then?"

"Then I went away."

"Saying nothing?"

"Nothing."

"And she?"

"She said nothing."

"And the forester?"

"Oh, he'd gone out to the well."

As he spoke, I, glancing out of the window, saw old Vossburg leering up at me from the other side of the street.

I touched the Prince on the elbow; he glanced down at Vossburg, started, then shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll have to face the music; it won't do to complicate things with your government," he said, bitterly.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "You can't leave now."

"If I don't, your minister won't thank you for causing a new diplomatic incident between your government and ours. You can't afford to have me tracked to your Legation."

"I don't see why," I cried. "We don't arrest or extradite for political offences. If Herr von Elbe desires to seek the protection of the United States, he needn't cross the Atlantic for that."

The Prince started to reply, but a violent ringing at the door bell cut him short. I looked into the street; it was filled with gendarmes.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GRAND-DUCHESS.

In which chapter the explanation of a mystery deepens the mystery, and sets a young man dreaming of the pleasures of prison.

ALREADY a considerable crowd of citizens were gathering in front of the Legation, curious to learn what the gendarmes might be doing there.

I walked leisurely to the open door, where a servant stood parleying with Captain Giroux. When the latter saw me he looked guilty, but old Vossburg's shrill chuckle appeared to reassure him. He returned my sarcastic salutation and started to make a speech, which I cut short.

"Captain Giroux," I interposed, "do you want to involve your country in all sorts of dreadful calamities?"

"What calamities?" he began, sulkily. But I continued, without heeding him:

"Just because you've never before had a foreign legation in your amazing city, you expect to be pardoned for ignorance concerning the inviolability of diplomatic sanctuaries—don't you?"

"I can't help it," he blurted out; "the German Emperor orders that—"

"*Who* orders?" I asked.

"The Emperor of Germany," he repeated, doubtfully.

"The Emperor of Germany is referred to the United States for information regarding the limit of his consecrated jurisdiction," I said, much amused.

Old Vossburg began to leer and mouth and twitter in his beard; Giroux, uncertain and greatly distressed, surveyed his gendarmes appealingly. They were nice gendarmes, too—clothes new, neatly buttoned, and carefully brushed.

"What am I to do?" demanded the agitated Préfet of Police. "Everybody orders me to do something to everybody else!"

"Go home to bed, with a prayerful resolution to mind your own business every day for a week. Try it," said I, earnestly; "you'll get used to it."

While I was speaking, Vossburg became restless. He squeaked something, and tried to crowd past me into the hallway, where, over my shoulder, I saw Prince Edric standing.

"Get out!" I said to Vossburg, and gave him a nervous push that sent the wretched old man reeling. Prince Edric stepped out on the threshold, but I unceremoniously pulled him back, saying: "Don't leave the Legation. I'll answer for you."

"Arrest that man!" chattered Vossburg, pointing with swollen purple fingers at Prince Edric.

"By Heaven! Giroux," I said, "if your men cross that mark I'll knock them over, all in a row—like tenpins!"

Already the crowd had increased, until it blocked the street; the gendarmes drew their flimsy gilt-hilted sabres and stood in three neat little lines.

"I'm getting you into more scrapes," said the Prince, quietly; "let me go out. I can take care of myself, without involving you any further."

"No, you can't," I replied, now thoroughly aroused. "I invite you to stay here as my guest as long as you please, and I'll be responsible for your comfort."

"It's not wise," he said, smiling; "it is very generous and quixotic and American—but it is not diplomacy."

He was correct. I looked at the gendarmes, at Giroux and Vossburg. They had not yet crossed the threshold of the Legation, and I saw Vossburg did not mean to give me any diplomatic pretext for complaint. What he was aiming at was to force me, as a United States official, into openly harboring Prince Edric of Prussia, a political refugee, threatened with arrest by the Emperor's own emissaries.

"Will you accept the position of private secretary to me?" I asked the Prince, hastily.

"Thank you," he laughed; "that is a most delightful way out of it—if you think it won't embarrass you."

I turned to Captain Giroux, and ordered him off the steps with a decisive gesture.

"If the Emperor of Germany wishes to investigate the antecedents of my private secretary, Herr Stanerl von Elbe, let him secure permission from the United States," I said. "In the mean time don't talk about princes or refugees, of whom I have no official knowledge."

Suddenly old Vossburg, whom I had not seen approaching, sprang at the Prince and attempted to drag him out into the street. I struggled to free him. The next moment a miniature riot began—a ridiculously amiable riot; just such a riot as one might expect in such a city. I shoved away some gendarmes who had hold of me; they said, "Pardon, monsieur," and let go, politely. A Punch and Judy combat is much more serious than a Luxembourg revolution. Yet there was one sinister feature about it—old Vossburg, running round and round the ring of swaying figures, squealing with eagerness, his distended, purple, swollen fingers scratching the air. Once he caught the Prince by the arm, but Edric hurled him off, with a shudder.

"Good heavens!" I said to him, half laughing, half in rage; "this is too absurd—it mortifies me! Can't somebody take these doll-creatures away?"

Side by side the Prince and I overturned a crowd of clinging gendarmes, who immediately got up again, very dusty, but scarcely even looking reproachful. It was disconcerting; the whole thing seemed all a sham, a knock-about vaudeville show, in which I was now performer, now audience. Then the sinister happened—I don't know how exactly; but the Prince gave a groan and put his hand to his head; and I saw the sly, rheumy eyes of Vossburg over his shoulder—a moment only—before the Prince stumbled up against me, deathly white.

With one arm around him, I saw the hair on his head redden and grow wet where the blow from behind had fallen; and, quite deliberately, I drew my revolver with my disengaged hand and raised it, searching for Vossburg's hoary, bloated face. He had vanished.

When the harmless Luxembourg gendarmerie and populace caught sight of real blood they became frightened; the glimpse of a real revolver, too, shocked them; the gendarmes ran in little circles like lunatics, and the mild citizens automatically followed their example, as a colony of water-fleas scatters, frenzied by a pebble tossed among them.

For a moment I held the Prince on his feet; then he grew faint and slowly sank, a dead weight in my arms. I lowered him gently to the door-step, and knelt beside him.

"There's more than an Emperor's malice in this," I said, in a low voice, looking sternly at Giroux.

It was plain enough to me now: Vossburg and Wiepert were in Luxembourg not only to summon Prince Edric to Berlin, but also to create a pretext for German intervention. An assault on the Prince was sufficient to start a German army corps marching. Who would believe it was committed by the Emperor's own agents, and not by citizens?

I sprang to my feet and looked at the frightened people, now crowding in on every side.

"I call you to witness, Captain Giroux," I said, speaking very distinctly, "and I call all honest citizens to witness, that it was a German agent who struck the Prince, and not a Luxembourgeois!"

I paused; somebody in the crowd said, "We witness!" and others joined in: "Yes! yes! We witness!"

"I am not willing to believe that his German Majesty seeks pretexts to march on Luxembourg," I said, loudly; "nor do I imagine for a moment that the great Emperor of a great nation inspires his agents to create pretexts by assaulting German subjects. Therefore that villanous old creature Vossburg is a common assassin, and his capture and punishment the duty of all good policemen and citizens!"

The crowd cheered; somebody shouted, "Down with Germany!"

"A few more similar suggestions," I said, sarcastically, "will doubtless bring Germany down, as you say, but down on *you!*"

The Prince had recovered from his momentary faintness, while Giroux bandaged his head with handkerchiefs, and now he sat up, dizzy and pallid, unrecognizable under his swathed features.

I placed my arms under his, but he said, "Wait a moment; let me sit quietly; I'll be all right in a second."

He thanked Giroux, and rested his elbow on one knee, the hand supporting his aching head.

"I'm not going into your Legation, you know," he said, with a faint smile; "I've done you enough harm for one day."

I started to reply, but Giroux, suddenly excited, plucked me by the sleeve spasmodically, and at the same moment I saw the crowd parting and swaying back, leaving a lane in the middle, through which a carriage, preceded by two powdered outriders, gorgeous in green and gold liveries, drove slowly up and stopped before the Legation.

"Her Highness," stammered Giroux, "the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg!"

I saw him raise his hand to his shako in trembling salute; I saw the people, heads bared, lining the curbstone in respectful silence, while the gendarmes, left hands resting on their sheathed sabres, stood in rows, right hands at a stiff angle with their peaked caps.

Prince Edric tried to rise; the blood starting under the bandages blinded him, and he sat down, leaning on my shoulder.

In the carriage were two ladies, dressed in white: one, very blond, with a skin like translucent pearl-shell, and hair redder than molten copper; the other, dark, exquisite, almost a child—the same woman whom I had deliberately kissed through my prison screen—the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg!

When they saw Prince Edric on the steps, they half rose from their seats and bent forward. The Prince managed to stagger to his feet and bow, leaning on me. The cool inclination of the Duchess seemed to me so utterly heartless that I felt resentment tingling my face.

"Who is he?" she asked, looking unblushingly at me; "and is he badly hurt, monsieur?"

"Madame," I replied, grimly, "a surgeon can inform you of his injury; her Highness the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg must enlighten you concerning his identity."

"I?" exclaimed the other lady—the blond beauty with the splendid red hair.

I turned to her, bewildered.

"I am the Duchess of Luxembourg," she repeated, impatiently. Then, as two gendarmes supported the Prince to the carriage steps, she recognized him, in spite of his battered condition, and stepped out hastily to the sidewalk, with a little cry of amazement, motioning the gendarmes to place Prince Edric in her carriage.

I fell back, and pulled Giroux with me.

"Which is the Duchess?" I demanded, under my breath; "the one with the red hair?"

"Yes," he said, in some surprise.

"And the other?"

"The other? Why, that is the Countess of Wilverwiltz."

"Who?"

"Amyce de Wiltz, Countess of Wilverwiltz. Monsieur, you are pinching my arm!"

"What did you tell me she was the Duchess for?"

"I didn't," gurgled the Préfet, in injured surprise.

"You did—last night in prison!"

The moment I said it I saw that I was not the only one who had been duped. He began to open his round yellow eyes, and, unless I had instantly dissipated his slowly crystallizing suspicions, he would have known, what I now knew, that it was the cloaked and hooded little Countess of Wilverwiltz who had imposed on Giroux, and who had been kissed by me in prison.

"Captain Giroux," I whispered, "you have been ridiculed and deceived. I never before set eyes on either the Duchess of Luxembourg or the Countess of Wilverwiltz!"

"But you said—" he began.

"I said that my visitor was young—like the Countess—but she had yellow hair and blue eyes, idiot!—that's what I said!"

Before Giroux could reply a gendarme came to the steps where I stood, and, saluting respectfully, said that the Duchess wished to speak to me.

As I went out to the curb, bareheaded, I caught an amused twinkle in Prince Edric's eyes, as he lay back on the cushions between the Duchess and the little Countess.

I bowed, and looked innocently at the Countess of Wilverwiltz.

The Duchess smiled brightly, and said:

"Lieutenant Hardy, you know how welcome Americans are to us all in Luxembourg. It will give me particular pleasure to receive you when his Excellency the United States Minister returns from The Hague. Thank you for being kind to Prince Edric."

I bowed again, and expressed myself suitably, thanking the Duchess for her courteous words concerning my country.

"You are very modest," she said, laughing. "Perhaps I meant you yourself would be welcome, whatever your nationality."

I involuntarily glanced at Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz, and caught her dark eyes fixed curiously on me.

Then, Heaven knows why, I blushed to the roots of my hair.

"All the same," I thought to myself, as the carriage drove carefully away, "they don't seem much alarmed about poor Edric. They are a cold-blooded duet, and as pretty as the rest of their soulless compatriots."

As I turned back towards the doorway, Giroux humbly tugged at my sleeve.

"Monsieur—pardon!—are you, who stand so high in the favor of our Duchess, contemplating chastisement for me?"

"Perhaps," I said, with satisfaction.

"Monsieur—"

"You'd better arrest that hoary old devil Vossburg before I make terms with you, you ridiculous product of an absurd city!" I said, and entered the Legation, a prey to mixed emotions. What would Osborne say? What would his Excellency say? What would William the Sudden do?

I sat down on the stairs; a porcelain-faced maid peeped at me through the library curtains, but I didn't care. I summed up my performances and mentally pigeon-holed each. First, I had kissed Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz; second, I had assaulted William the Sudden's spies; third, I had invited Prince Edric into the United States Legation, and then made his nose bleed; fourth, I had engaged in a riot in the street under the windows of my Legation. And all in twenty-four hours.

About dusk Osborne sauntered in, and found me still sitting on the stairs.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he asked.

"Nothing," I sighed. That was a misstatement: I was thinking of Amyce de Wiltz, Countess of Wilverwiltz.

"Why on earth should she impersonate the Duchess?" I said, irritably.

"Who?" asked Osborne.

"Nobody—what did I say?"

"Something about having had too many cocktails," said Osborne, flippantly, and went up stairs, whistling "Garryowen."

I disdained to retort; a vague reminiscent tenderness stole over me; I closed my eyes, and saw the screen in the prison wall, and two dark eyes under the scarlet hood, and two lips redder than the hood.

"In the mean time," I said, aloud, "she is doubtless nursing Prince Edric in the palace. But I don't see why I should care." I ascended the carpeted stairs thoughtfully.

"Let her nurse him; what do I care?" I repeated; "only I'd like to know why she impersonated the Duchess to tell Prince Edric she adored him."

I was rather tired, almost too tired to dress for dinner, but Osborne came in looking so civilized that I set about my toilet, with a groan.

"Pegged out?" inquired Osborne, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"Slightly," I said, sarcastically. I had not slept a wink in prison the night before; of course he did not know I had been in jail, and I had no desire to tell him.

"Find anything interesting about town?" he asked.

"A few rotten fortifications and a corporal's guard," I replied. "I don't see what the government sent a military attaché here for."

"You will see later. I have despatches from his Excellency by to-night's mail. Oh, you've got a jolly rôle to play yet, my son."

"What are the despatches?" I asked, sponging head and shoulders in icy water.

"Tell you after dinner; hurry up."

I dried my dripping features, fussed with shirts, collars, and white ties, and finally appeared from the dressing-room, ready for dinner, or anything else as serious.

We dined in rather melancholy state, Osborne and I, served faultlessly by a placid Luxembourgeois.

During dinner I gave Osborne a sketch of the episode leading up to my private riot in the street before the Legation. He was horrified, and he told me so.

"Where on earth did you meet Prince Edric?" he asked.

I evaded the question, not desiring to contribute to Osborne's stock stories a recital of how an American officer was "held up" and robbed of his passport by a German Prince.

"None of your business," I replied; "I know him, and that's sufficient. I don't see why the thing need have unpleasant consequences; do you?"

"Of course I do," he said. "A fine diplomat you are, bringing a German into our Legation and resisting his extradition, when the Sudden One is sitting up nights to think of a pretext for war!"

I thought, however, I detected a note of banter in his voice; doubtless he was rubbing it in and trying to scare me.

"Pooh!" I said; "I've got a hundred witnesses to prove that old Vossburg struck the Prince. As for harboring him, I didn't, because the Duchess carted him off. You can't disturb my appetite."

"Well," he said, more seriously, "I don't believe there will be a row. But remember one thing: all over Europe our military attachés are regarded with favor, where the French, English, and Russian attachés are hated and suspected, because they are simply and solely the most expert spies their governments can find for the posts. Now our attachés don't spy and rummage to any alarming extent; it isn't our policy. Therefore you are welcome here, and you have every facility for learning chalk from cheese. Be careful not to become unpopular."

I nodded.

"Speaking of cheese," I said; "let's have that and coffee up in the smoking-room."

"No; come to my room," he replied, rising and giving the order for coffee to be served.

We lighted cigars and strolled up stairs again to his own room, where I immediately lay down on the bed and sipped my coffee Turk fashion, in spite of his objections.

"Osborne," I said, blinking at him through the smoke of my cigar, "who and what is the Grand-Duchess?"

"The Duchess? She's a pretty girl who wears nice frocks, and makes herself unhappy because her husband neglects her."

"Perhaps he thinks she neglects him," I said, innocently.

Osborne picked up a gun-case from the sofa and unstrapped it.

"I've heard that, too," he said. "It's a pity they can't agree; he's a nice young fellow, educated in England, you know, and a thorough sportsman. He'll invite you to shoot, I fancy; he invites everybody."

"Thanks," I said, dryly; "I'll accept if you can bribe his keeper to invite you."

Osborne had removed his coat, and now sat polishing the barrels of a Greener .12-bore—as pretty a little shotgun as I ever saw. I watched him without comment. He wrapped the fowling-piece carefully in oiled flannel and slid it into its case again. Then he opened another case and selected another gun.

"Who is the Countess of Wilverwiltz?" I asked, carelessly.

"Oh, our pretty Amyce de Wiltz?"

I resented the "our."

"I suppose she's somebody's," I said, "but I didn't know you were a shareholder. Who is she?"

"She's the gayest and cleverest of the lot," he said, snapping the locks of a .16-bore Scott to test the click. "She's a widow; married old Count Wilverwiltz on his death-bed to please the Duchess. She's the life of a particularly humdrum court; she's a vixen, too, if you cross her. And you ought to see her in private theatricals!—by Jove, but she can act!"

"Act?" I repeated. An uncomfortable suspicion began to develop in my mind.

"Act! Rather. She can weep real tears, and she can make you weep 'em, too. She is generous, capricious, impulsive, and illogical. You'll probably fall in love with her; we all do."

"Do you, indeed?" I said, feeling unpleasant, and not knowing why.

"Yes; then we all get over it and fall in love with the Duchess. I am now."

"In love with the Duchess?"

"Yes. So's his Excellency. Wait until he comes back from Amsterdam and The Hague, and we'll all be invited to Wilverwiltz for the boar-hunting. Then you'll see games, my son! You'll see his Excellency dancing after the Duchess, and the whole callow outfit after him, while she, poor little girl, worries her life out because she doesn't understand her husband."

After a moment I said:

"Tell me more about the Countess of Wilverwiltz. Do you—er—have you any reason to suppose that she is in love?"

"In love? Not much. Little Amyce looks out for her precious self too keenly. But she'll flirt—oh, Heaven! how she'll flirt!"

"Will she?" I said, savagely.

A quarter of an hour later I sat upon the bed and rearranged Osborne's rumpled pillows.

"What were those despatches that came to-night?" I asked.

"Orders for you to resign from the United States service, and enter the Luxembourg army and reorganize it," grinned Osborne.

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

He nodded.

"It's a secret, of course; it's an understanding between our government and the Luxembourg government. You are to resign for a while—to spare German susceptibilities—and undertake the reorganization of the Luxembourg army. Just think!—a whole battalion!"

"I won't do it!" I cried, angrily. "It's ridiculous!"

"Oh yes, you will; that's the real reason the government sent you here. Besides, you're to recruit new regiments, because compulsory service is about to be sprung on these unsuspecting Luxembourg cattle. Why, man, it's the chance of your life!"

"When," said I, rather blankly, "am I to begin this thing?"

"Next Monday," replied Osborne, cheerfully, "you get your commission as aide-de-camp to the chief of the Luxembourg general staff. That's only a bluff; the Duke's the staff, and you are simply to tell him how things should be done."

The unexpectedness of the thing left me without argument. If it was true that the Luxembourg army was to be increased, I had a fancy for the work in hand, and expected to make it interesting.

"The manœuvres will be held near Wilverwiltz," said Osborne, carelessly. "You'll find the air and food good, the shooting excellent, the Duke and the Duchess very kind — but God knows how you'll find the Countess Amyce!"

"I believe you're afraid of her," I said.

"I am," he replied, sincerely.

"Why?"

"Because," he said, "I never knew of a man whom she did not sooner or later make ridiculous. She'll make you ridiculous, too."

"We'll see," I said, indignantly, remembering the check I might exercise, if I chose, on the amusement-loving Countess.

"Yes—you'll see," yawned Osborne.

I bade him good-night and went to bed.

I was too tired to dream, so it was eight long hours before I again thought of the Countess of Wilverwiltz.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

VIII.—THE LOCAL POLITICAL SITUATION

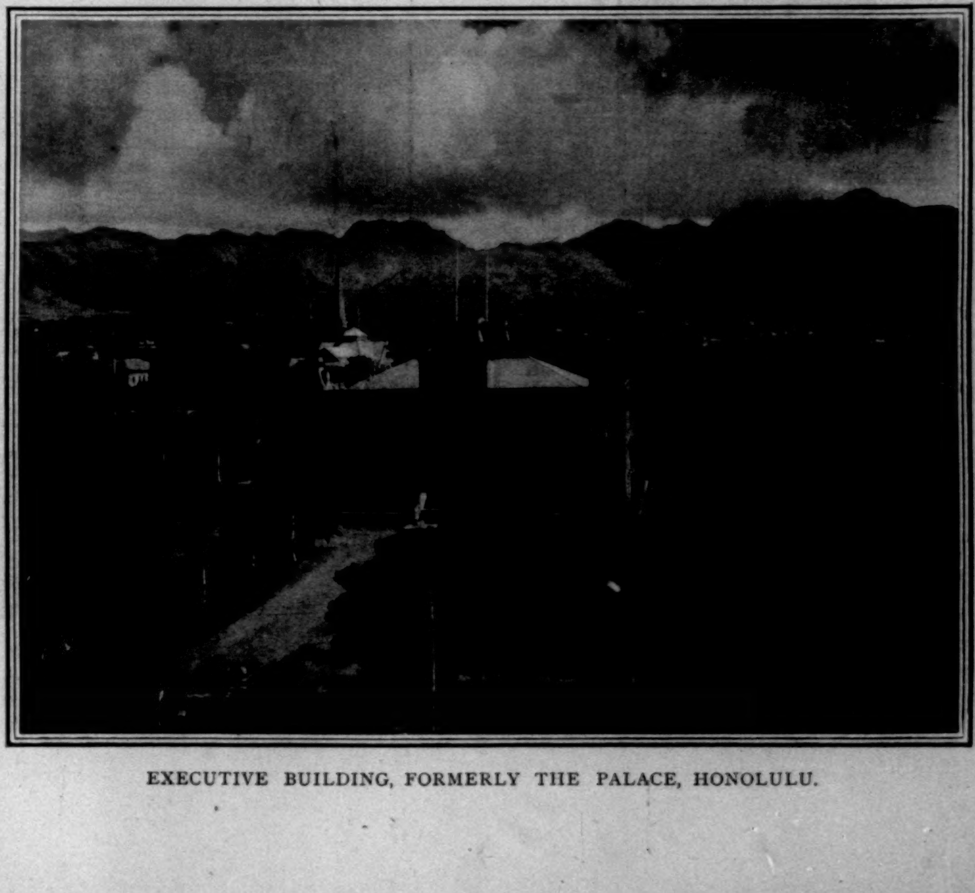
HAWAII has suffered at the pens of the subsidized correspondent and the half-informed editor of prejudice as none other among enlightened peoples. We have read of the "hierarchical rule of the missionary element"; of the "base deception" of the few in power practised upon the many in tribulation; of the "restlessness" of the native under the changed political conditions; of our perfidy in annexing Hawaii without "consent of the governed"; of "native unanimity" for the restoration of Liliuokalani.

Honolulu is an excellent field for the reporter who seeks sensation rather than fact. Having only weekly steamer communication with the world, people in that little mid-ocean city concern themselves rather more perhaps than those in any other English-speaking community on earth with one another's affairs. We all know the tender solicitude of the friend who discusses our affairs. That dear friend, whom the latch-string never escapes, with the apologetic introductory, "It's none of my business, and I never discuss other people, *but* they do say," etc.

When a Pacific cable puts Hawaii in daily touch with the world, its people will have more to think about and will become less gossipy.

I devoted many days while at Honolulu, and painstaking inquiry, to put myself in touch with the various local sentiments on the political situation. Never did I gain so little material for so much endeavor. Not that any one refused to talk. On the contrary, all were willing and (apparently) anxious to be delivered of the thoughts obviously burdensome. Never did men talk more and say less. I could extract positively nothing tangible upon which to base an argument or follow a line of investigation.

I should say, first of all, that among white men there is really no serious division of opinion—political—in all Hawaii. On all important matters touching the welfare of the islands, the opinions of those, white and native, whose opinions really carry weight are united. But human nature in Hawaii is the same as elsewhere, and therefore there is mild disagreement, that satisfies itself with gentle discussion at the club. In time, no doubt, Hawaii will have its Republican and Democratic parties, but at present the only party division at all discoverable is one based on *pro* and *anti* missionary leanings. And this is so indefinite it can hardly be dignified with name, and so misleading as to require explanation to the non-Hawaiian reader.



EXECUTIVE BUILDING, FORMERLY THE PALACE, HONOLULU.

The *anti*-missionary element may be described as whites who more recently immigrated to Hawaii, and are envious of the political and commercial pre-eminence of

IN THE PHILIPPINES—A BAYONET

ONET RUSH.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

the early-settler descendants. The majority of this *anti* element comprises men of the smaller business interests—shopkeepers, clerks, few of whom have strong prejudices on the subject. The minority *antis*, the agitators, who do the talking at home and supply the newspapers abroad, are political aspirants from the mainland, and a few half-castes of vicious tendencies and absolute irresponsibility.

The *anti* element have a grievance, of course, but it concerns personal emolument more than the prosperity of Hawaii. They seek place on the governmental salary list rather than part in the judicious guidance of the government. They offer no tenable criticism of the government; they do not pretend to deny that the ministry of the republic administered the public affairs of Hawaii wisely, economically, ably. I could not extract a single criticism from the more intelligent members of the *anti* element with whom I talked, nor have I read one anywhere against the ministers of the republic and those continued in office under the annexation that could be viewed seriously or sustained.

Pressed for at least one definite objection to the appointment, as Governor, of Hawaii's "Grand Old Man," Sanford B. Dole, one of the more intelligent of the *antis* said,

"The President [Dole] does not entertain enough," and followed it by adding, "and when he was made President of the republic he did not treat his friends well."

"How so?" I queried.

"Well," replied my informant, "he kept a lot of government department clerks in office who had for years served under the monarchy."

"Ah!" said I; "then you object to President Dole because he is not an advocate of the spoils system. You would have him turn out all the clerks, who were in no way responsible for the actions of the monarchy, and who have been in government service, some of them, for years—to make room for his particular political supporters."

Statue of Kamehameha the Great.

GOVERNMENT BUILDING, HONOLULU.

To which my *anti*-missionary friend demurred as being perhaps too harshly expressed.

And this "missionary element," of which we hear so much—what is it? who comprise it?

One of the very wisest acts of Kamehameha II. was to give lands to the missionaries who had arrived at Honolulu from New England in the first years of his reign. This resulted in the children of these missionaries, instead of being sent back to America, remaining on the islands to be educated, growing up into island business, and being filled with Hawaiian interest. They learned to look upon Hawaii as home and as identified with their future. That is where the great difference lies in interest and in accomplishment between results here and elsewhere in foreign lands where missionaries have gone.

Thus the commercial development of Hawaii was begun by the sons of the first missionaries, and has been to a very large extent carried on by their descendants. Other white settlers have married into these families, and so to-day those who are connected with these pioneers of Hawaiian civilization, either through direct descent or by marriage, collectively are called the missionary element, and represent at least three-fourths of Hawaii's industrial and commercial strength. With these have arrayed themselves the best of the immigrant whites.

And this element in its full strength has been literally the salvation of Hawaii. It has been the upbuilding and the cleansing of the islands during times of extreme individual peril and uncertain governmental existence. It is the element which furnished the ministry whose first official act was to vote down their respective salaries a couple of thousand dollars each. And there is not an intelligent, honest *anti*-missionary man on the islands who does not know this, and in his heart realizes how weak is the platform on which his especial clan stand.

In the last years of the monarchical rule, however, and during the republic, there were generally serious points of issue, and all Hawaii was really separated into two great divisions. Not missionary and *anti*-missionary, but royalists, who included all the supporters of the monarchy, and *anti*-royalists, who included the best of all resident elements, native and *anti*-missionary as well, and who sought to purify the political atmosphere.

The royalists included the bulk of the natives; certain foreigners (not Americans) who either through marriage or by business engagements enjoyed peculiar and profitable advantages under the monarchy, and a few blatherskite half-castes of no standing and less regard for the country. The foreigners were, of course, actuated by the promise of personal aggrandizement; the half-castes, by vicious inclinations and the assurance of temporary livelihood; and the natives, by a dumb tenacity to traditional ruling by natives. It is exceedingly doubtful if the natives would ever have given voice to their sentiments on the subject had they not been inflamed by the agitator half-castes and supported by the foreigners.

The native had really no deep feeling on the subject; his emotional nature is easily played upon, and as superficial as facile; let but the band play *Hawaii Ponoi*—the native national air—and you might fancy, by his airs and attitudes, that he would yield his life for his country; yet in the revolution of '95, when Liliuokalani by force of arms sought destruction of the republic and restoration to the throne, not over one hundred and forty-five natives took up arms to regain what they had been advertised to value dearer than life. The native's view of the changed political conditions is purely lackadaisical.

Restoration of the monarchy appealed to certain more or less worthless classes of the native, to whom it suggested free *luaus* (feasts) and unchecked indolence.

But nothing quite so patently reveals ignorance of native character as the assertion, popular with the half-informed, that the native "harbors resentment" over what the opponents of annexation have been pleased to term his "downfall."

It seems a waste of good paper to answer criticisms that are so manifestly based on ignorance and prejudice, yet perhaps good may come of enlightenment. To begin with, then, the native had more individual right, more land privileges, and a higher wage under the republic than under the monarchy, and annexation extends his enfranchisement through modification of the educational and property qualifications of voters. So much for his "downfall."

The idea that the native cherishes "resentment" for deliverance from the corrupt and selfish monarchy is equally fanciful. Not that, on the average, he appreciates the changed condition, but that he should entertain any feeling so disturbing as resentment. The average native makes no unnecessary effort, mental or physical.

Like all seaport towns, Honolulu, though to an infinitely less degree, has had its share of dissolute wanderers, and these, sometimes foreigners, sometimes half-castes, have, on occasions, succeeded in getting together a handful of natives for an expression of opposition to the course events were shaping. But, generally speaking, the native gives the matter of republic or annexation or monarchy little serious or intelligent thought. During my tour of the islands I never lost an opportunity to sound native feeling, and almost invariably I found it indifferent, with an acknowledgment, if I pushed the question, of more civil rights under republic and annexation than under monarchy, but a traditional sentiment favoring native rule.

Perhaps two-thirds of the natives, if pushed to a statement of preference, would give a half-hearted answer in favor of monarchy, and yet not one per cent. of them would make an unusual effort to attain that end. Not solely because of indolence, but because of indifference.

Besides, there is no unity of native opinion on a native sovereign. There are Queen Emma, Kalakaua, and Liliuokalani factions, the following of the last being perhaps the smallest.

At this writing, the adjournment of Congress without legislation on the subject leaves the government of Hawaii as fixed by the Newlands resolution annexing the islands. This resolution appointed a commission, which, after a visit to Hawaii, submitted a report providing that the President of the United States appoint a Governor of the Territory of Hawaii, a secretary, a United States district judge, district attorney, and marshal; that the Legislature consist of two houses—a Senate of fifteen members and a House of Representatives of thirty members; that the House be elected by all male citizens twenty-one years of age; that the citizens be defined as "all white persons, including Portuguese and persons of African descent, and all persons descended from the Hawaiian race, who were citizens of the republic of Hawaii immediately prior to the transfer of the sovereignty thereof to the United States." It further provided that a citizen, to be eligible to vote for a Senator, must own property worth $1000 or have an annual income of $600; that the Chief Justice and two associate justices of the Supreme Court, and the judges of the Circuit Court, be appointed by the Governor; that a Territorial delegate be elected.

This bill was not passed by either the Senate or the House of Representatives.

Subsequent legislation looking to the extension to Hawaii of the laws of this country passed the House, but was not voted upon by the Senate.

And now Congress, which has furnished so many remarkable spectacles, has supplied one notable amongst the many, in that the suggestions of the commission—Senators Morgan and Cullum and Representative Hitt—that was sent to Hawaii for the particular purpose of studying the situation and reporting on its legislative and other needs, are ignored, and its report torn to pieces by men who have no personal knowledge of the subject and seek to apply domestic remedies to foreign ills.

Thus is Hawaii under makeshift government until Congress acts definitely next autumn.

There are three things absolutely needful to Hawaii's continued prosperity and the riper development of her industries—(1) property and (2) educational qualifications exacted of all voters, (3) previous residence of at least three years made necessary to eligibility for any Territorial office. Hawaii wants no carpet-bagger politicians.

And the first two of these are the ones Congress shies at most.

One of the remarkable exhibitions attending debates on Hawaiian annexation, its government, etc., has been the orthodox rigidity of purpose with which some of our dull-witted legislators have sought to encompass 6×8 conditions with 2×4 provisions. Because Territories on the mainland have thrived under certain laws, they agree, a Territory 4000 miles to the East, in another clime and under another sun, must also thrive under the same laws. Because the American soldier has kept in good condition on pork in a temperate climate at home, pork was given him on his very first campaign in the semi tropics. And with what results?

No doubt, when the time comes to set up a government in the Philippines, there will not be wanting honorable gentlemen in Congress to urge the promulgation of laws that have been found beneficent in Arkansas or in Arizona or in Idaho. The American people would save money in the end by the establishment now of a fund for the proper education of its national legislators.

It is violating no principle of the Federal Constitution to prescribe an educational or property qualification as necessary to the attainment of suffrage; on the other hand, it would be an outrage on the civilized race were the control of government, of commerce, of the interests of civilized people, to be given into the hands of the ignorant and uncivilized and incompetent of Hawaii, or Puerto Rico, or the Philippines, or any other foreign country, by the failure to equalize matters through the necessary and practical provisions suggested by common-sense.

What would become of Puerto Rico if the ignorant masses of low intelligence were—as they are—given each a vote? What of the Philippines with its one million savages each enfranchised? Has our experience with the negro race given us no lessons on this question?

Hawaii is not to be compared with these countries. It is civilized, educated, prosperous (as the result of the white man's work); nevertheless, its future would be seriously menaced were no restrictive provisions attached to native enfranchisement.

By all means, give the native voice in the government, but let us make sure that it be the best element and not the worst that we enfranchise.

LONDON

May 20, 1899.

THE Queen has spent nearly three days in London this week—an event so rare that Londoners have celebrated the occurrence like another little Jubilee. In celebration of her eightieth birthday, the Queen has revisited the rooms in Kensington Palace where she was born, and where as a child she used to play with her dolls. The palace is a red brick, straggling structure commanded on every side by the public eye. One wing is inhabited by the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, who entertain modestly the intellectuals and artistry of London. The Queen's visit to the home of her childhood touches the people as nothing else would. They recognize that one who has attained eighty years has reached a great age: that in the chances and changes of life anything that is done may be done for the last time. The streets that lead to Kensington were decorated almost as copiously as though for the Jubilee. The Guards and the Beef-eaters, the latter with their Henry VIII. costumes, were called out, and the affair was one of state. In the high street of Kensington and the broad Brompton Road the Queen's reception was as extraordinary as two years ago. The shouts of an affectionate, but not an emotional, people had a touch of passion in them, as though the people feared that this the Queen's latest public appearance in the capital was also the last, and was intended as a good-by. The feeling towards the Queen is indescribable. I am convinced that its manifestation is directed towards the occupant of the Throne rather than the Throne itself. Republicanism to-day in England has no prospects whatever.

THE day after visiting the Kensington Palace the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the new Victoria and Albert Museum. There is something almost uncanny in the way in which the Queen commands the weather. It is scarcely too much to say that her public appearances in this capricious climate are invariably favored by the heavens. The sun has shone on her since she was a bride. The Queen wore black, but in her old-fashioned bonnet she had a white feather, and I noticed a touch of white

trimming. The Queen gazed upon her subjects through old-fashioned spectacles with tortoise-shell rims, and seemed to enjoy the continuous rolling cheer that came from the spectators. There was nothing very formal about the drive from Buckingham Palace. The state trappings played their part, but the understanding and the sympathy beween the Queen and her people supplied an element which made the state trappings and the uniforms accessories in a great family gathering. Many American flags fluttered in the breeze, and American enthusiasm showed that our cousins did not regard themselves as foreigners in the mother-land. The Queen bore herself with the dignity of which every one speaks—a dignity rarely associated with the Hanoverian stock. The Queen has survived the Napoleons, the Bourbons, the later French Empire; and she has deserved to survive them, for the balance and self-restraint of her loyal and steadfast character have proved to be a world possession as well as an element of strength to the British throne. The present generation, who have been brought into contact with the Queen, speak of her detachment of mind, her aloofness. The nation, however, only knows her by her womanly affectionateness.

DURING the last ten years the Queen is said to have spent thirteen times as many days in France as she has spent in her capital. Her rare visits to London only whet the appetite of her people for their sovereign's presence. That she is in excellent health, in spite of her venerable age, is a source of gratification to every one. Lord Salisbury expressed the public feeling when he said: "May we long enjoy all the blessings that are secured to us by the continuance of a reign that is tied up with so many touching and brilliant reminiscences! May her health last long! God save the Queen!" The Princess of Wales's continued absence from London season after season is much regretted. It is known that she has deeply felt the loss of her mother, the Queen of Denmark, and that her Royal Highness's health has been seriously affected.

THE Queen's new yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, has just been launched at Pembroke dock-yard. She is much larger than the old *Victoria and Albert*, also built at Pembroke, forty years ago, is adapted for longer voyages, and will steam at a higher rate of speed. She is built of steel, the wood-work is rendered non-inflammable, and her length is 439 feet. The Queen has taken the greatest interest in the construction of her new yacht, and many of the features of the old *Victoria and Albert* are to be reproduced in the new vessel, even to the quaint rose-bud-pattern chintz which the Queen has adopted since she first went to sea.

THE process of coming to an arrangement with President Kruger on the subject of the wrongs of the Uitlanders has been suddenly disturbed by the dramatic arrests at Johannesburg. I have reason to know that the hare-brained plot entered into by persons of no position or influence was hatched in Natal, that the leaders of the mining industry had nothing whatever to do with it, and that the meeting between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger which will take place on May 30 will not be upset. The situation, however, is a perilous one. The stolid Tory party among the Boers finds its chief excuse in the belief that the independence of their republic is being threatened. The course of events at Johannesburg has given some color to Boer suspicion, which, however ill-founded, has to be reckoned with. The French government has been approached with a view of obtaining its moral support in the demands which England is about to make on the Boer republic. M. Cambon, the French ambassador in London, has just returned from Paris, armed with instructions which leave no room for doubt as to the position which has been assumed by M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister. Two hundred million dollars of French capital has been invested in the South African Republic, and the whole political weight of the French Foreign Office is being used to support the representations England is making on behalf of her own subjects and other Uitlanders in the Transvaal. Dr. Leyds during the past week has been in Paris. His visits to the Quai d'Orsai, however, have not been successful. His representations are not accepted by M. Delcassé, while the French press has reflected the interests of investors rather than the Anglophobic passions which the emissary of the Boer government might reasonably have expected to excite. The responsible leaders of the Uitlanders are absolutely ignorant of the personalities or intentions of the authors of the ridiculous plot which has just been unearthed. They utterly disapprove now, as heretofore, of all violent and treasonable action, and they are willing to aid by every means in their power to bring about a reasonable arrangement with President Kruger on the basis of franchise reform, pure and independent courts of justice, and revision of the existing system of taxation, including the dynamite concession. Matters at issue lie in a narrow compass, and after the meeting between President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner on May 30 there is very little doubt that the long-drawn-out crisis will come to an end, if not in the way that all reasonable men hope and expect, then in another.

WHATEVER may be said about Lord Salisbury's defects, there is no question that he is an acute critic of the deficiencies of other politicians. In a luminous address to his own party he declares that the Liberal party of 1886, for good or for evil, is passed away forever. The past is never reproduced. You may come back to analogous results, you may obtain some of the conditions, or even all of them, which you enjoyed before, but when the method, the system, the circumstances, are once shattered, they can never be reproduced, and therefore the Liberal party, as it was known before the home-rule days, can never be restored. These are the grounds that induce Lord Salisbury to believe that the Liberal party of the future, which may be powerful and may do good or harm, will never again resemble the party which existed when Mr. Gladstone made his great departure. Circumstances have altered in England by the creation of an imperial feeling which scarcely existed fifteen years ago. Mr. Gladstone came into collision with this sentiment, and was broken by it. Yesterday was the first anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's death. Efforts have been made to induce the people to wear a white flower in memory of the Grand Old Man's blameless life, and in imitation of Primrose day. The public have not fallen in with the idea. Few white flowers were to be seen in the street or the Park yesterday. Perhaps a better tribute to his memory and to the ideas to which the best part of his great life was devoted was to be found in the opening of the Peace Conference at the Hague, where M. de Staal, the aged and now failing representative of Russia at the Court of St. James's, was placed in the chair. The world has never before seen such an assemblage. The United States sit down with the powers of Europe and the yellow men of the Far East to discuss a moral idea. It does not matter that some of the powers have been dragged into the conference against their will. They are there. Everything is against the project, not least the conduct of Russia, but the passionate sincerity of Lord Salisbury and the Queen, backed up by the general sense of the English-speaking people, is a factor that makes for peace.

ARNOLD WHITE.

AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN. *By Julian Ralph*

IV.

A ROUND OF SPLENDORS AND FORMALITIES

A MERE description of the palaces of the American who is Vicereine of India, without an account of the life she leads and the state which surrounds her, is as empty as the palaces would be without their furnishings. Here I propose to tell what Lord and Lady Curzon had, or found, to do during the two months which passed before the Queen over 150 queens left Calcutta for her summer palace in Simla.

The English find Lord Curzon kingly in stature, looks, and manner. The most talented one who saw him in Calcutta wrote to the London *Daily Mail* that he was "an aristocrat among aristocrats," and that "where others carried command in look and bearing, he carried command-in-chief."

It is the English nature to see authority through colored glasses, and to find a halo over every patrician's brow. Nevertheless, Lord Curzon is a large figure. His every pose and stride and look is instinct with full faith in himself—confidence, not conceit. He has led his fellow-men long enough to recognize his skill at the task. What I liked better about him was what lay behind all this—his broad and varied wisdom; his enthusiasm over his work; his sympathy with his subjects; his knowledge of their history, their prejudices, and their yearnings. If any man can manage five times the population of the British Isles, and a tenth of all the human beings there are, he is the man.

The English find the Vicereine "queenly," "ultra-refined," "aristocratic." I even heard her called imperial. The warmest man I met bubbled over with, "She is the greatest swell that ever came to India." The coldest-blooded one, a nobleman, who carried a cold-storage atmosphere about with him, bit his lip, and said: "Well, beautiful isn't precisely the word for her. 'Impressive,' 'imposing'—those words exactly hit her off."

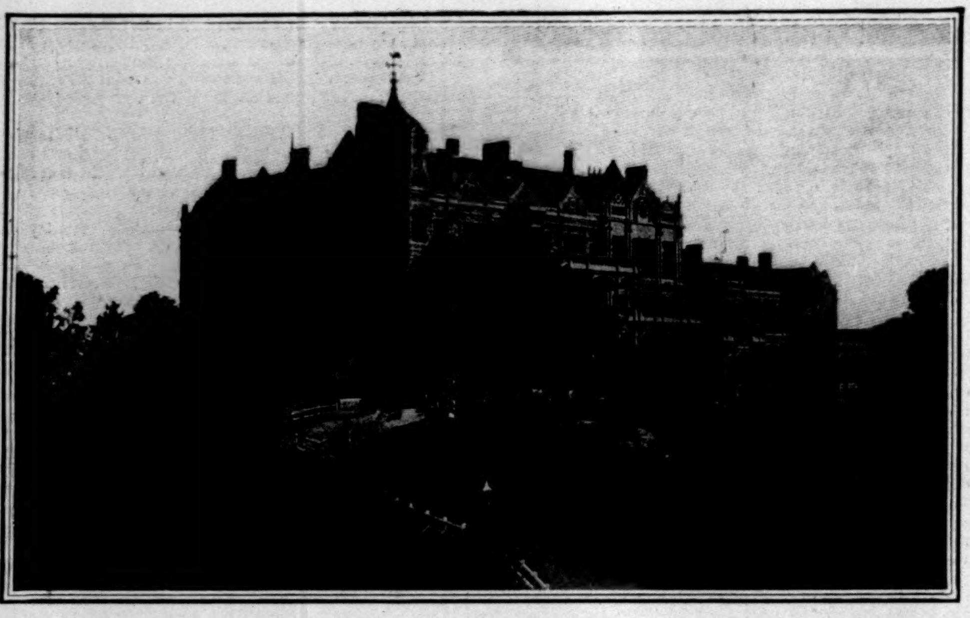
Lady Curzon is a tall woman of just the right build for her height—slender, but not thin. She has a long oval face, without a faulty feature. Her large gray eyes are very sympathetic; her mouth is very sensitive. Her hair is spun jet. She is graceful in her every movement, and, being American, knows how to choose and how to wear frocks that become her like her lips and eyes. She is all tact—five feet and six inches of it; 140 pounds of it. When it fell to her lot to take the arm of a general at dinner the other night, she began at once to question him upon the trade in fire-arms in the Persian Gulf. The general was mad with delight. It happened that this was his hobby, and breaking up this nefarious calling was the work he had in hand. The Vicereine found this out, but how she did it no one could imagine.

When she gave her first Drawing Room at the palace she was not content with a formal presentation, but went up to the ball-room and staid an hour, moving from group to group, and talking with charming ease and brightness to ever so many ladies. That was not much, you say; yet in Calcutta they cannot remember who ever did as much at a first Drawing Room before. There are not many Americans in India, I think, yet she does not overlook them. She calls on the leading American lady in Bombay, makes much of our consul-general's wife in Calcutta, and in that city also invites an American business man to lunch with her, then to dinner, and then gives him her portrait to take to her mother. The position she made for herself in five weeks is best shown by the fact that all white circles in India were shouting her praises, when suddenly she fell ill, and a gloom that you could almost cut with a knife shadowed every English cantonment. "Great heavens!" every one exclaimed, "if the Vicereine cannot stand the climate and has to go home, what a dreadful misfortune it will be!"

The first notable event in the viceregal lives was the reading, in council, of the royal decree declaring Lord Curzon Viceroy of the Empress and King over seven-score kings. Then came the state visits of some of these kings, his Highness the Maharajah of Cashmere leading with his respects. The Viceroy sent Colonel Sandback, Captain McMahon, and the Earl of Suffolk, three of his aides, with a guard of cavalry, to escort the gem-bedizened prince in his dainty robes of satin, silk, and gold. He brought with him a great train of nobles, his vizier, his generals and secretaries, and found the Viceroy awaiting him in the Throne-Room. Lord Curzon wore the state costume of a Privy Councillor, with its massive gold embroidery on collar, breast, and cuffs, its satin knee-breeches, and its stockings of cream-colored silk. The great Star of India, on a broad satin sash across his body, blazed like a little sun. The ruler of Cashmere offered the nuzzur, and partook of the pan and atar, before the interview closed with the thunder of nineteen guns from the fort close by. Half an hour later came the Maharajah of Patiala, with more cavalry and viceroyal aides, and he likewise offered the nuzzur and accepted the pan and atar. During both visits the Viceroy's band played in the palace.

The next morning came the Nawab of Rampur, with his nobles and officers of state, each one arrayed like a choice garden flower, and sparkling with gems as if they had been sprinkled with jewels as flowers are with water. Again the nuzzur, the pan, and the atar; again the band; again the guns. The Vicereine witnessed these visits from an unseen coign, and marvelled to see so many men more richly dressed than Western belles—aye, more daintily and expensively than any actors who ever paraded

THE VICEROY'S STUDY, VICEREGAL PALACE, SIMLA.



VICEREGAL PALACE, SIMLA.

mock-silk and paste jewels across theatre boards. Her husband repaid all these calls on the following day, with his aides, his troops, a band, and body-guard, himself riding gloriously in his state carriage, with brick-red coachmen, pages and outriders in turbans imposing.

In a fortnight after he had assumed the office he received and repaid five of these royal calls, and as the nuzzur, pan, and atar figured in all, I will explain the terms. The nuzzur is the symbol of the tribute which a subordinate must pay to a sovereign. Each prince caused his attendants to bring a napkin or fine cloth folded upon a costly plate, and on this he placed a number of gold coins. It was the Viceroy's part to touch the gold with his hand, in token of acceptance, and then to allow it to be taken away. In former times it was always accepted by king from king and prince from prince, and many an Englishman has given a nuzzur to many an Indian king in the days of old "John Company." The pan is the betel, that is to say, a delicate green young leaf of the betel-tree. Treated in a peculiar and tempting way, this is eaten by all the Indians, highest to lowest. The habit is esteemed as a pastime, and the preparation as a digestive. The Viceroy offers the pan, or betel leaf, to his visitor, and follows it with the utrdan, or vessel of atar. This is the attar of roses, into which the visitor dips a finger or two. To-day, when Indian rulers visit one another, they sprinkle attar of roses about so lavishly that the air is filled with the delicate odor.

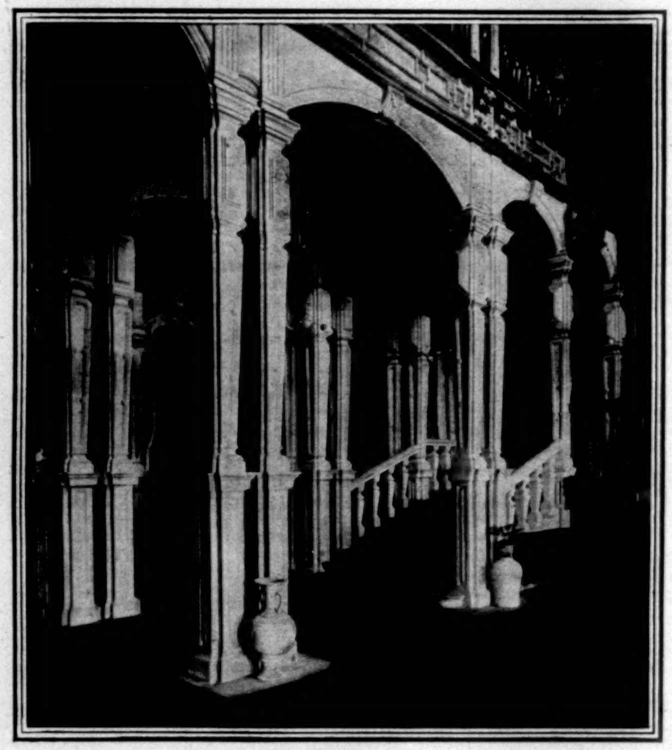
In the second week began the presentation of addresses by public, social, and commercial bodies. That was when the costly caskets of carved silver began to crowd one another on the tables of the Vicereine's drawing-room, and she realized the truth of the prophecy that the Viceroy would receive more of these in five weeks than had come to deck the palace of the Governor of Bombay in nearly as many years. All Hindoo deputations which present petitions or addresses to the Viceroy have these documents beautifully engrossed and illuminated, and then enclose them in silver caskets. The Mussulmans enclose theirs in a covering of silk. On January 12 came the Mysore family, then the committee of the corporation of Calcutta, bringing a massive casket; then the British Indian Association of Bengal landlords, enclosing their address in a neat silver casket; then the representatives of the Jains (Buddhists), with their gorgeously illuminated address in a very handsome casket.

On that night was held the Vicereine's Drawing Room. On the 14th the Maharajah at Hill Tipperah called in state. Five days later the Vicereine held her first grand ball, and four days after that the Viceroy and she attended the races—an important social function in Calcutta. On the 27th of January both attended a fancy-dress assembly at the Town Hall, and on the last day of the month a deputation of the Calcutta Trades Association came, with their address boxed so splendidly that the Viceroy felt called upon to praise them for it.

It was a casket grand in size and beauty, exquisitely carved in that delicate dainty way which distinguishes the workmanship of Calcutta's silversmiths. On the same day came the spokesman for the Central National Mohammedan Association, with their beautifully illuminated address rolled in a green kharita, or silken cloth, heavily embroidered with gold. Many a solid silver casket is less beautiful and less costly than these kharitas of the Mussulmans. On February 3 a deputation of the Zemindary Punchayet came, with their address in a casket which they had ordered made in Delhi—where the silversmiths work in a manner the most highly esteemed by the Hindoos. On February 7 the Imperial Anglo-Indian Association and the Indian Association also sent deputations, with boxes of silver-mounted bamboo.

The various caskets of which I have written are very often cylindrical, and the addresses are scrolls which fit into them. They are eighteen to twenty inches long, and three to five inches in diameter. They consist of a barrel, with a very heavy ornate cap at each end. The barrel is apt to bear the name of the body which presents it, and all the rest of the surface is beautifully chased or lightly engraved. The heavy caps at the ends are deeply carved; in fact, are fashioned from great blocks of silver. Sometimes one of these cylindrical boxes will be made of black-wood, carved like fine lace, and bound and clasped with silver. Others are of bamboo, with carved silver ends and belts. The square caskets or boxes, such as Europeans are accustomed to seeing, are in the minority, but these also are very fine and costly works of Indian art. Some are of silver, others of carved black-wood, and yet others are of sandal-wood, carved with a delicacy and intricacy such as distinguish the ivory carving in China. These address-caskets make very beautiful souvenirs of a term in high office in India.

The second month, February, was an important one for both Viceroy and Vicereine. On the second day they witnessed the throning of a new Lord Bishop at the cathedral, and during the first week entertained the Count of Turin and suite and Lord and Lady Lonsdale. On February 11 they attended an entertainment by Frank Lincoln, an American, as his patrons. On the next day the Viceroy sat as Chancellor at a Convocation of the Calcutta University. On the 13th the Viceroy and Vicereine met all the "smart" people of the capital at a garden party at the fort, and on the same day the court put on mourning for the heir of the Queen's second son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. On the 15th the Vicereine presided as head of the Central Committee of the Dufferin Fund—a noble charity for providing medical help for the women of India, who have no women doctors, and cannot be attended by men. On the following day Lady Curzon visited a worthy seat of charity, and was to have followed this visit, on February 17, with visits to a medical school and the "hostel" where the women students live. She had also promised to award the prizes at the flower show. But part of this programme had to be cut off. Lady Curzon took a chill under a punka, or house fan, and this brought on a slight fever.



STAIRCASE, VICEREGAL PALACE, SIMLA.

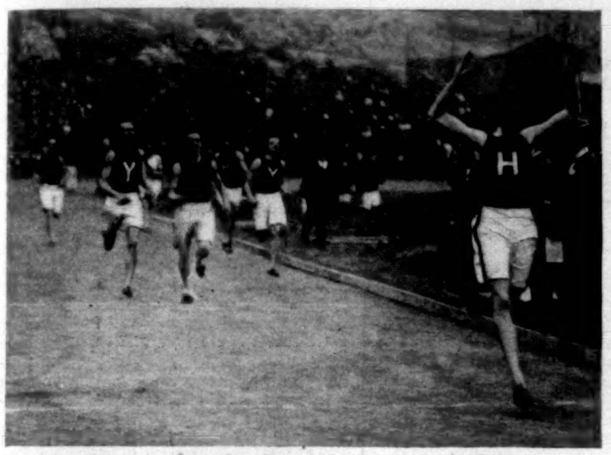
The news of a distinguished mark of the Queen's favor came at this time with the word that the Vicereine was appointed to the Order of the Crown of India. She entertained the Governor of Madras and party at the palace, and, on the 28th, carried the Bishop of Calcutta down to her rest palace at Barrackpur. All her public and nearly all her private engagements were now cancelled, and on March 5, in much improved health, she went to the Summer Palace of the Viceroys at Simla, in the far north. She was accompanied by her little daughter and baby, and by a physician and an army captain, both of the Viceroy's staff. Her destination was the most modern, costly, and beautiful of the English palaces in India. It has the form and substance of a stone castle, and is perched high upon a hill above the little summer capital, where the Himalayas begin to heap themselves at great heights, and the glory of the rhododendrons in spring is beyond description. These flowers grow to the size of trees. They are dark red on the lower hills, brighter red higher up, pink at a farther height, and finally are as white as the snows which cover the crests of the mountains above.

Simla Palace is not huge, but it is choice. It is mainly as white as the apartments of the Empress Augusta in the old palace at Berlin. The ball-room alone is disappointing. Well proportioned and richly finished as it is, it has no lobbies or side spaces to relieve the crush of dancers on the floor. But the other rooms—the majestic dining-hall, the dainty drawing-rooms, the elegant sleeping-rooms, the "study," the Council Chamber—all are at once regal and beautiful. Here the government sits during seven months—the hot months—from April to October's end. And here we are forced to leave the Vicereine.

THE YELLOW DRAWING-ROOM, VICEREGAL PALACE, SIMLA.

AMATEUR SPORT

PERHAPS the most striking feature of the Middle-Western athletic season is the greater public interest in track and field games. Hardly a single student generation ago, track-work was the merest side-show, and depended for sustenance entirely upon the more popular branches of baseball and football. To some extent it must yet do so, but to-day at Chicago a dual track meet has far greater drawing power than baseball, and has resulted in the coupling of the two to make an athletic holiday—a custom strictly characteristic of the West.



Adams, 3d. Grant, 2d. Brennan, 4th. Burke, 1st.

FINISH HALF-MILE.

Last year there was an exodus of track-athletic stars from several Middle-Western colleges, but that did not prevent the development of some excellent teams of good average performance. Out of these has been developed the strongest all-round combination the West has yet exhibited. Certainly there never were so many high-grade men appearing so early in the season, while the stars of the present season promise greater effulgence than any of their illustrious predecessors, save Kraenzlein.

DUAL meets have been the feature of Middle-Western athletics this season, and are responsible not only for the high average among teams generally, but also for the new popularity of the sport. The abandonment by the Chicago Athletic Association of that "pernicious activity" formerly associated with its name appears to have had a beneficient influence upon college athletics, rather than the weakening effect some excellent gentlemen believed it would have. It proves that the colleges can succeed by their own efforts when directed in healthful channels.

Stagg has been most energetic in promoting dual meets, and no doubt Chicago's performance this season will practically demonstrate the wisdom of his efforts. Chicago's team is splendidly strong, from sprints to distance events, and has quite an enviable record of successes. It has beaten Notre Dame—though Corcoran and Powers made the contest exciting for a while—and Northwestern: the latter very easily.

Of the other dual events, Wisconsin has beaten Illinois (72 to 56), and Wisconsin was beaten by Michigan, (73 to 55), in one of the best meets of the year. Farther West, the Iowa colleges have, as usual, been active; and Nebraska, that has figured for some time in football, is now attracting attention in baseball and track athletics, and will be represented at the Western Inter-collegiate championships.

In the dual meet between these two Nebraska tied Iowa, at Iowa City, each winning six events.

SO many really first-class track men the West has never before had.

There is Powers at Notre Dame, doing 6 feet in the high jump, 1 min. 58 sec. in practice in the half-mile, 41 ft. and over with the shot, not to mention throwing the discus beyond the Western record, and displaying no lack of ability in the hurdles and broad jump. Something in this Powers suggests the Louisville catcher of '98, though we presume he is not the same. Notre Dame would hardly put him forward as an amateur if he were.

McLean of Michigan has not only bettered the former Western inter-collegiate record of 22 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in., by jumping 23 ft. at Ann Arbor, but did it quite as incidentally as does Kraenzlein—after two hurdle races; McLean is also credited with $16\frac{1}{5}$ sec. for the high hurdles (with a slight favoring wind) at Madison, which improves Kraenzlein's best Western record by two-fifths of a second.

Corcoran at Notre Dame, who, having been coached a bit by the old-time D. A. C. champion Harry Jewett, himself a former Notre Dame student, springs unexpectedly into prominence by defeating in both sprints Burroughs of Chicago, who was considered the fastest college sprinter in the West.

Adams. Cregan. Burke. Brennan.

FIRST QUARTER OF HALF-MILE.

Fox at Wisconsin looms up as a possible disputant of sprinting honors, after his 220 in $21\frac{3}{5}$ sec. on a course five feet short in the Wisconsin-Michigan dual meet.

TEETZEL, the Michigan half-back, has been timed a quarter at Madison in 50 sec. flat under not the best of weather conditions, thus breaking the former Western record of $50\frac{3}{5}$ sec., though Teetzel must repeat the performance under thoroughly trustworthy timing before his record is credited.

O'Dea, the Wisconsin full-back, seems to be acquiring skill so rapidly in the hurdles that he may prove an equally dependable point-winner for his university as was Kraenzlein in his day. Western colleges still cling to the one-mile walk, and there are several men doing under 7 min. 20 sec.—a showing not before approached.

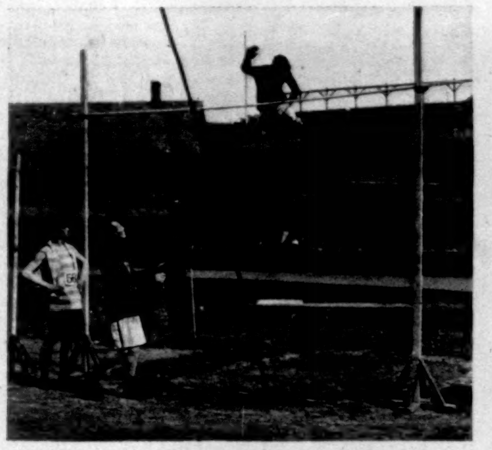
The W. I. A. A., at its next meeting, would better abolish the walk, and substitute a two or three mile run. It seems a mistake also to continue the discus on the inter-collegiate championship programme with also the shot.

LAST year there seemed reason for congratulating the Detroit Athletic Club on laying firm hold at length of a sportsmanly policy which promised to keep its athletics honestly amateur, and to foster a wholesome spirit among its younger members. There seemed an awakening sentiment opposed to the semi-professional splurging hitherto common every season to the large Western A. A. U. clubs.

Therefore it is rather surprising, not to say disappointing, to learn now that the D. A. C. has recently played two professionals on its nine—Sam Thompson, formerly of the Philadelphias, and Arthur Twineham, the old Western League player. Asked to explain, the club attempts to

Tewkesbury, 1st. Quinlan, 3d. Boardman, 2d.

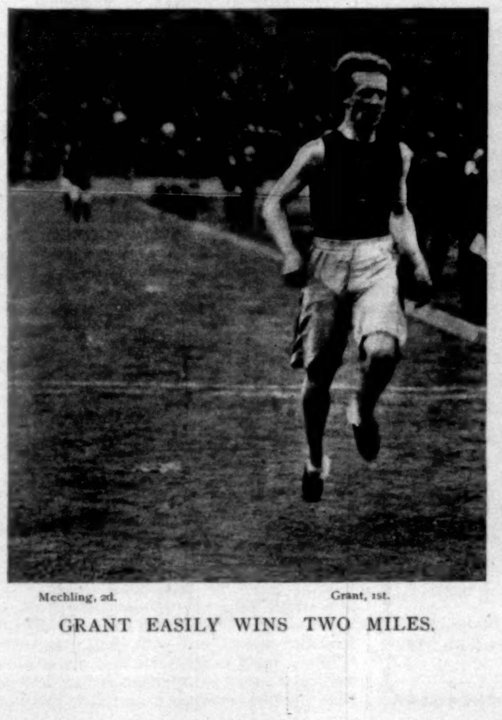
FINISH 220-YARD DASH.



CHAMPION CLAPP IN PRACTICE.

Long, 1st. Fisher, 2d. Luce, 3d.

FINISH OF QUARTER-MILE.

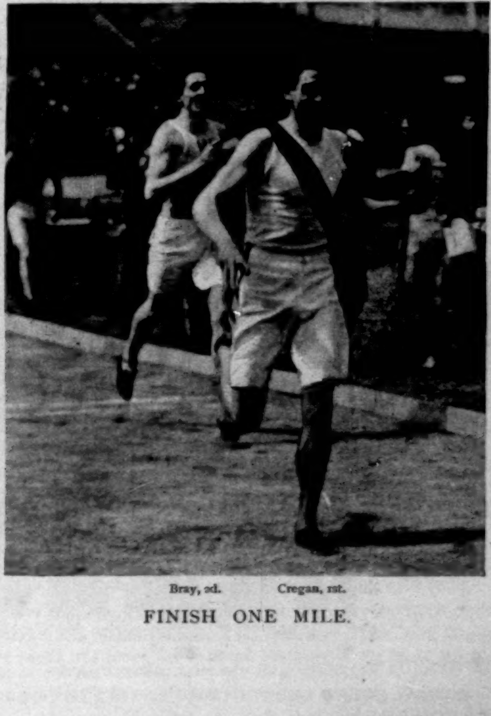


Mechling, 2d. Grant, 1st.

GRANT EASILY WINS TWO MILES.

Morse, 2d. Kraenzlein, 1st. Hallowell, 3d.

FINISH LOW HURDLES.



Bray, 2d. Cregan, 1st.

FINISH ONE MILE.

McClain, 3d. Tewkesbury, 1st. Jarvis, 2d. Quinlan, 4th.

FINISH 100-YARD DASH.

justify its dishonesty by claiming that "they were playing against a semi-professional team, the Columbian Giants, in just a sort of exhibition game, and did not consider that the use of these men counted."

The "use" of these men counts enough to make the club's playing of them an athletically dishonest action; an action I must consider to have been deliberate when I note the regular employment all this season of several men (specially placed on the club roll after dropping off during the winter) whose amateur status faded long since.

VICTORY came to Pennsylvania in the Inter-collegiate athletic championships by a majority so overwhelming as to rob the contest for first place of all exciting interest. Out of 142 possible points Pennsylvania won 57, or more than earned jointly by Harvard (28) and Yale (22½), second and third place winners. Five of Pennsylvania's team—Kraenzlein, Tewkesbury, McCracken, Grant, and Baxter—won 45 of these points, Kraenzlein alone capturing three firsts, and Tewkesbury and McCracken two firsts each. Three point-winners so dependable and of prowess so illustrious have not before, in the history of American sport, appeared on a single college team; between Kraenzlein and McCracken five inter-collegiate records are held, two of which are also world's records; Tewkesbury will no doubt, on the first favoring occasion, equal the world's records in both sprints.

The startling character of Pennsylvania's win may the more fully be realized when it is written down that her team won nine first and three second places in thirteen events! No other team won more than one first, and only two won three second places. Of the thirteen championship events, Pennsylvania now holds the records of eight.

BUT the struggle for second place at Manhattan Field (May 27) between Harvard and Yale furnished excitement enough to supply the deficiency created by Pennsylvania's too easy win of first honors. Yale's loss of Blount, by his break-down in the trial heats, was an unexpected blow that materially lessened her prospects for second place, but there was still hope, based upon a desperate fighting chance, until Adams ran his half-mile like a confident novice.

Had he been running that half-mile under instructions from the Harvard trainer, Adams could not have made his race in a manner better calculated to enhance Burke's chances of success. He should have gone for the lead from the very crack of the pistol, instead of which he ran a waiting race—a waiting race with Burke, who, under those conditions, can beat out on the last 200 yards of a half-mile any amateur that ever wore a running shoe.

Not only was Adams's speed thus handicapped by miserable judgment, but he permitted himself to get pocketed on the first turn, and was fouled and pocketed all the way around the first 350 yards. The inspectors on those corners were not attending to their duty, otherwise the referee would have had some official information of the fouling that was perfectly apparent without field glasses from the grand stand.

If Adams learns to keep his head to the front and runs his race from start to finish, he ought to defeat any present amateur for half a mile; but he will never do it by such head-work as disclosed May 27, when he must have run, in his half-mile, yards more than any other man in the race. With Blount in the sprints, and even second place in the half-mile, Yale would have just beaten out Harvard for second place in the games by half a point.

TEWKESBURY and Jarvis made a beautiful race of the 100 yards; half-way the former was leading, but at 75 yards Jarvis had drawn up, and the two ran practically on even terms, until just at the finish Tewkesbury forged ahead and won by a foot. McClain was the surprise of this event; he beat Quinlan a foot for third. One would not imagine, looking at the photograph of the 220-yard finish, that Boardman had been withdrawn from the quarter and saved especially for this event to beat Tewkesbury. Yet such was the case. But Tewkesbury simply outclassed all the starters, Boardman included. Boardman, indeed, had his work cut out in keeping a yard ahead of Quinlan.

The quarter did not furnish the exciting racing expected of it, because the withdrawal of Boardman and Burke left no doubt of Long's victory, and he won easily in 49⅘ sec., which supplants the 49¼ sec. made by G. B. Shattuck (Amherst) in '91. Fisher finished second by five yards, in time about up to his form. Long ran with great strength, and could most likely have done under 49 sec. had he been hard pressed.

A very pretty race was furnished by the mile, which Cregan had always well in hand, until half-way down the back stretch on the last lap his lead was challenged by Bray (Williams), who had run in about the middle of the bunch until the third quarter, when he secured second place, five yards back of Cregan. Entering upon the last lap, Bray set out for Cregan, and midway overhauled him; about fifty yards from the tape Bray weakened, and Cregan, running strongly, and well within himself, finished in 4 min. 25⅗ sec.

GRANT'S performance in winning the two miles, easy though it was (10 min. 2⅗ sec.), and subsequently beating out Adams for second in the half, is an indication of the composite qualities, head, wind, and speed, of this enduring runner. He has a very clean-cut style that brings to mind Conneff, next to the greatest (W. G. George being first) mile-runner that ever lived, and who, by-the-way, I saw at Santiago in the Twelfth regulars, with whom he is also now in the Philippines. Palmer was disappointing and dead beat at 1½ miles, and Berry was not so good as Palmer. Mechling was easily second, though Foote, who ran a plucky race, was drawing up on him at the finish. The time was only fair, but it was many seconds too fast for the mediocre lot of performers that straggled along after the leading three men. It illustrated how sorely we need these distance events.

Harvard and Yale need not haggle with Oxford and Cambridge as to whether the distance event on their programme be two or three miles—whatever distance may finally be chosen, the Englishmen will win that event. They would be ashamed in England to put forth as representative of English university athletics such a duffer bunch of distance-runners as stood for American university athletics in these games.

THE only question in the hurdle events was by how much Kraenzlein would win out. He was never hurried in either the high or low hurdles, and won with yards to spare, taking one-fifth second off the record (15⅗ sec.) he made last year for the high. Had he been pushed, no doubt he could have equalled 15⅕ sec., and it is not unlikely he will do so before the present season ends. Interest in the 120-yard hurdles centred upon the struggle for third place, and some surprise was occasioned by the victory of Lewis over Fincke.

Harvard ran second and third to Kraenzlein in the low hurdles, as expected, and would have taken fourth—had Converse not indulged in his specialty of tumbling.

The first-place-winning weight performances were not up to last year, although the record-holder—McCracken—won both hammer (144 ft. 1 in.) and shot (42 ft. ⅛ in.). Hare, however, has considerably improved on his hammer-throwing, and beat out Boal, who has a record fourteen feet better than Hare's best (124 ft.) last year. If Hare ever acquires skill equal to his strength, he will make a world's record. All the shot-putters bettered their inter-collegiate work, the average being very good; but Glass had improved too much for Brown or Boettger.

So also in the jumps there was marked improvement over last year—in the high, two men tied at 5 ft. 11 in. for fourth place; and the winning first three did 6 ft. 2 in., 6 ft. 1 in., and 6 ft., Baxter securing first. In the broad, Kraenzlein made a new world's record—24 ft. 4½ in.—excelling his recent Philadelphia performance (itself a world's record) by an inch. Prinstein fell several inches short of his best, doing 23 ft. 2 in.—Daly, with his usual consistency, doing 22 ft. 4½ in., and Whittemore 21 ft. ¾ in.

CLAPP in the pole-vault, like Kraenzlein in the hurdles and broad jump, is quite in a class by himself; he defeated the field with great ease, and had no difficulty whatever in clearing the winning height, 11 ft. 5 in. But the average performance in this event was very high, perhaps the highest of the day, for besides Clapp, four of the competitors cleared 11 ft. 2 in. None could go higher, however, and Johnson finally secured second. Cornell developed unexpected strength, showing another (Kinzie) than Deming good for over 11 ft., and who finally beat out his college-mate for third.

Clapp's vault of 11 ft. 5 in. established a new inter-collegiate record to replace the 11 ft. 4½ in. which he and Hoyt (Harvard) jointly established last year. Having won the competition, Clapp had the bar placed at 11 ft. 11 in. In his first attempt he cleared, but knocked the bar off with his shoulder on the descent; two subsequent attempts were not so good, and he abandoned his effort to eclipse the present world's record of 11 ft. 10½ in.

ONE of the features of the day was the excellent all-round showing of Syracuse, which won 10 points to Princeton's 11, and to 5 each of Cornell and Columbia.

The weather was favorable, the track fair, and the attendance about four thousand, the best yet seen at Inter-collegiate games in recent years, but by no means a proper support of such high-class sport.

I am decidedly of the opinion that the site of these annual championships should annually alternate among New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. There is no reason why New York should always have the honor, especially as either of the other cities has grounds equally suitable; and at least one of them, Philadelphia, would, say next year, turn out about ten thousand spectators.

A complete table of point-winners in the Inter-collegiate championships, performances, and records is crowded out of this issue, but will be published next week.

Princeton beat Cornell in their dual track games at Elmira, June 1—72 points to 45.

SOME of the Inter-collegiate winners performed also at the Knickerbocker-New Jersey A. C. Decoration-day athletic carnival, but none of them equalled his work of the preceding Saturday—though Tewkesbury won a 300-yard special from Mulligan in 31⅗ sec. Quite the best work of the day was done by Herbert Manvel, who beat Adams (Yale) in a scratch half (2 min. 4⅕ sec.), and finished a good second in a killing handicap half-mile to Arnold, who started from the 42-yard mark, and finished in 1 min. 57⅗ sec. As for the carnival, it was highly successful (five thousand spectators), as are all meetings on the New Jersey Oval at Bergen Point.

YALE'S time, 10 min. 28 sec., in the two-mile eight-oared race against the Naval Academy crew must not be accepted as an entirely trustworthy medium for comparing the speed of the Yale second eight with the Columbia and Pennsylvania 'varsity crews, which had previously defeated Annapolis over the same course in 12 min. 6 sec. and 11 min. 13 sec., respectively. It may be taken as suggestive and nothing more. The conditions under which the Yale-Navy race was rowed were much more favorable than obtained in either of the other races, and the Navy crew was in poorer shape. The Cadets had undertaken too much in the three races, especially considering that four men in the boat were green, and three of them Freshmen, besides a Freshman coxswain. They made a most commendable showing under the circumstances.

CORNELL'S showing against Pennsylvania in the race (May 30—Cayuga Lake) between the second crews of the two universities disclosed the essential difference between the strokes the two eights are rowing, and in my judgment demonstrated the more speed-making and dependable qualities of Cornell's. 'Twas only last week I referred to the tenacity with which the Cornell blades hold on to the water from the beginning to the ending of the stroke. That means there is no cessation of power from its first application.

Cornell rowed Pennsylvania down on Decoration day, pulling two strokes to the minute less, making obviously considerable less effort, and sending her shell through the water steadier, smoother.

The Cornell 'varsity is missing some of its old men from the boat this year, and as yet there is no certainty of the present crew being so fast as that of '98; in fact, it is doubtful if it can attain the speed it showed at New London. However, we shall know more a week later.

THERE has been no noteworthy change in the Yale crew, which at this writing is just starting off for New London, where it will have three long weeks and a half in which to finish off and acquire snap. The work has become somewhat smoother in the last week, and the suggestion of power is never absent; but there is yet none of that hard grip of the water at the catch for which Yale crews have usually been famous. This gives the appearance of a shorter stroke, whereas Yale is sliding an inch or so longer than during one of the most successful periods of her rowing—in the early nineties.

Harvard will not go to New London until a week later than Yale, and it will take hard steady work to get the men finally adjusted to their new seats and moving entirely in harmony. The present impression is that the men appear to be fearful of overworking themselves. The pointless agitation about lessening the distance to three miles seems to have scared some of the men into coddling themselves. They would better get over that tendency, or Mr. Storrow replace them, even so late. None the less, the crew made an excellent time row the other day for three miles, and seems to have the snap that Yale at this time lacks. Another week will put the eight in better shape for judgment.

HARVARD lost (2-12) the second and last of her Princeton baseball series (May 27, at Cambridge) in a game notable for slovenly work even among the considerable list of poorly played games recently compiled. Haughton's injury kept him off the field, and the nine consequently lost the benefit of his steadying influence. Still, therein is not sufficient excuse for the careless and inaccurate fielding, the wild throws, and the fumbles that combined to make eight errors.

Princeton did not have to play very hard to win—it was only necessary to let her opponents beat themselves. In point of fact, Princeton performed indifferently, piling up four errors, of which Hutchings contributed the lion's share. After the second inning, when Princeton made three runs, there was never a doubt as to the eventual outcome, though Harvard in the sixth gave her only exhibition of sharp play by cutting off two men at the plate.

Harvard's play was quite the worst exhibited this season by a 'varsity nine.

Three days later the crimson nine pulled itself together, and in a slower game defeated Cornell (7-2), making ten hits and but a single error.

YALE won the first game (8-0) of the Princeton baseball series at New Haven on Saturday by play that reflects infinite credit upon the nine and argues convincingly for its success in the remaining weeks of the closing season. Defeat of Princeton by a narrow margin would have equalled hopeful expectations, but to keep that undeniably strong team from making a single hit is a measure of success for which the college world was totally unprepared.

Princeton did not get a man to first base until Camp's error in the fifth inning gave Watkins life he had not earned, and in the nine innings only four of the visiting team reached first base, and two of these got so far as second. Yale's pitcher, Robertson, struck out no more than two men, but he disclosed control of the ball not excelled this season by an amateur.

On the other hand, Hillebrand, who struck out four men, had frequently occurring periods when he appeared to have no control whatever of the ball; he presented ten men with first base—six on balls, and four he hit—made two wild pitches that resulted in a run, and allowed nine hits, one a three-bagger. He made Kafer's duty behind the bat unusually onerous, and was partially responsible for the captain's passed ball. In fact, the battery which hitherto has been the dependable feature of Princeton's play was, on Saturday, of least service. No other man of the team made an error save Suter, who, after a long run out of his own territory into centre field, muffed a high fly.

Yale's score was increased by Hillebrand's gifts, but aside from that she played faster, better ball—at the bat, on the bases, in the field. It is a stronger team, and if it does not win even the next Princeton game (10th), at Princeton, it will be because somebody gets rattled and throws chances away. The score of Saturday does not, in my judgment, represent the comparative strength of the two teams; they are really quite evenly matched, and though Yale seems stronger, a contest, with both nines showing their best game, should always be close.

Robertson has not the changeful speed or brilliancy of Cook; but he has consummate control, which, after all, is the most valuable quality in the box. He was hit repeatedly, but accurate, swift fielding kept one from being recorded against him. Wear and Camp each fielded brilliantly.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"TRACK ATHLETICS IN DETAIL."—ILLUSTRATED FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.—8VO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 25

Diary of the Revolt

Tuesday, May 23.—The military and civil elements of the United States Philippines Commission differed regarding the wisdom of continuing the conferences with the Filipino peace envoys, the former adhering to their original demand for unconditional surrender.

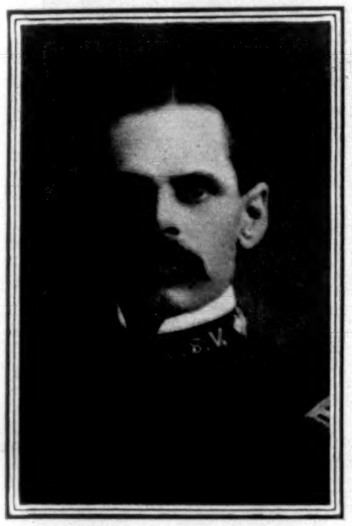
General Otis recommended the promotion of Colonel Owen Summers to be Brigadier-General of Volunteers, brevet, for conspicuous gallantry, and of Captain J. S. Case to be Major of Volunteers, brevet, for distinguished services and gallantry.

The transport *Sherman* sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines, bearing 1795 enlisted men and 46 officers, among these Brigadier-General John C. Bates. She also carried supplies for the army and navy. General F. D. Grant was in command of the expedition.

Twenty Filipinos were killed and forty were wounded in an engagement with a reconnoitring party under Major Bell about five miles southwest of San Fernando, in the vicinity of Santa Rita. Several of our men were wounded.

South of Manila General Ovenshine's lines were attacked by skirmishers, who were repulsed after inflicting a loss of two men killed and two wounded.

The country through which General Lawton's expedition had advanced on the way to San Isidro had been reoccupied by hostiles. The Third Infantry, forming Lawton's rear-guard, while returning from San Miguel as



CAPT. GEORGE H. TILLY, U. S. V.,
Signal Corps. Killed by treacherous Natives May 27.

escort to a signal party, had hard fighting throughout the day. Two Americans were killed and thirteen were wounded. Sixteen of the natives were killed, many wounded, and two of their officers made prisoners.

The departure of the First California Infantry for home was prevented by a typhoon. The rainy season had begun.

Wednesday, May 24.—General Lawton, with most of his troops, reached MacArthur's lines. His expedition had marched 120 miles in twenty days, been successful in twenty-two fights, and captured twenty-eight towns, losing six men killed and thirty-five wounded. His troops had killed about 400 Filipinos, wounded double that number, and destroyed 300,000 bushels of rice.

According to a press despatch, Lawton said: "On the walls of the prison at San Isidro we found the names of the fifteen *Yorktown* men. A Spanish officer we rescued told me that one of the American prisoners had been publicly flogged, receiving twenty lashes while pinned to the ground. This was his punishment for attempting to escape. Near San Isidro we found a letter written by one of the *Yorktown* men, in which he said that he and his fellow-prisoners were being cruelly treated."

The *Newport* reached Manila, having on board re-enforcements for General Otis, with two light batteries.

Generals MacArthur and Funston, with the Kansas and Montana regiments and the Utah Battery, dispersed 800 hostiles who were intrenched near Santa Rita. Fifty of the enemy were killed, thirty-eight wounded, and twenty-eight captured; two Americans were killed and twelve wounded.

The Filipino commissioners left Manila by special train. Their point of view was pretty clearly intimated, at the end of the conferences which they had held with our commissioners, in a comment and a question attributed to President Gonzaga: "The plan of government offered to the Philippines seems, in theory, a good colonial system. But why should a nation with your Constitution seek to make a colony of a distant people who have been so long fighting against Spain to secure the same rights that your Constitution gives?"

Thursday, May 25.—The Oregon regiment on the north line returned to Manila, and it was said that the other volunteers would be gradually withdrawn, Lawton leaving with MacArthur on the front regular troops to replace these volunteers.

Friday, May 26.—A despatch from Manila: "The events of the past week have emphasized the need of a much larger army here, without which, according to the best authorities in Manila, it would be attempting the impossible to expect to establish American supremacy in the Philippine Islands. The inadequacy of the American forces is said to be responsible for the large total loss in the number of small encounters, without material results as a compensation. .... The insurgents have returned, and are occupying the towns the Americans abandoned simply for want of men to hold them, and are camping in the jungles and woods outside others, on the watch for chances," etc. Our reasons for the belief that General Otis was not in command of an adequate force were mentioned in this Diary under date of May 12.

Another skirmish near Santa Rita. Six of our men wounded.

The steamship *Leon XIII.*, which transported two battalions of the Twenty-third Infantry to Sulu, returned with the Spanish garrison which had been stationed there. The American occupation of Sulu is to be dated from May 20.

General Rios, the Spanish commander in the Philippines, notified the Madrid government that the Americans would not occupy the island of Mindanao at present. "Its conquest would entail enormous sacrifices on them, as the natives are wholly hostile."

Saturday, May 27.—Captain George H. Tilly, United States Volunteer Signal Corps, was killed by natives at Escalante, on the east coast of Negros Island. A vessel of the cable company, which was placing a cable between Ilo Ilo and Cebú, ran to Escalante to remove old cable connections. Captain Tilly, with the captain of the vessel and three men, visited the town, the natives making friendly demonstrations. While there the party was ambushed. The vessel's captain and one man escaped in a launch; Tilly and the other two were not rescued. The vessel reported at Ilo Ilo. General Smith immediately took seventy-five men and proceeded to Escalante.

General Otis issued orders inviting volunteers to re-enlist for six months, according to the act of Congress bearing on the matter.

The transport, *Morgan City* with 600 recruits for various regiments, arrived at Manila, and was ordered to Ilo Ilo.

MARRION WILCOX.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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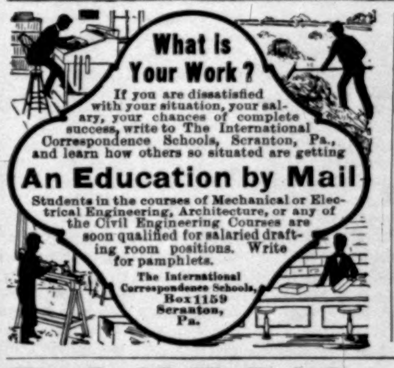

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THIS MORTAL COIL. *By Margaret Sutton Briscoe*

LONG ago, in æons past, Nature, kneading an iron shore to suit her mood, twisted off a great careless lump of red rock and flung it into the ocean; then, as if by an after-thought, she tied it to dry land with a rope of knotted bowlders. Thus created, Brace's Rock has stood for centuries in the blue waters, naked at first, but slowly clothing itself with a spare growth of golden-rod in its crevices, some stunted bay-bushes, and starved feathery grass.

There the gaunt rock stood on a certain September afternoon, the sweeping sea-line spread out before its face, while at its back, in a pondlike shelter, gathered hundreds of sea-gulls, looking like pads of white pond-lilies on the still cove's waters, or, yet more lovely, flaunting and fluttering their white wings as, perched on the little brown rock islands, they fought the waves of the rising tide, white-tipped as they. In all Septembers this shore revels in colors, that shade back from the gray sand beach and the spring sand-grass to moors warm and rich with color that seems fairly to dash up the sides of the gray-peaked inland rocks, splashing high among them red-leaved bushes and mats of glowing brown or purple-pink grasses.

Lawrence Goodhue, on this September day, sat on the topmost ledge of Brace's Rock, his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand, his artist eyes garnering the scene into the storehouse of his brain; and so absorbed was he in details of color that when at last his gaze dropped to a spot not ten feet from him he sat staring at it with a sense of confusion. What he saw was an artist's paint-rag, still wet and fresh with all the shaded colors of the landscape; but for the moment it was to him almost as if his vision had collected the widespread colors, as a prism might, and thrown them together on the rock.

Sending his eyes wandering again in search of the fellow-artist who must have preceded him, Goodhue finally discovered a figure climbing among the rocks below. It was plainly a woman, though as he peered down at her a large, mushroomlike hat concealed from him everything but a white skirt, and an identifying artist's equipment hanging from the climber's shoulder.

Not an hour before, Goodhue had been over every inch of that lower ground, and he now watched the progress of another with peculiar interest. At what he felt to be the risk of life and limb, he had crawled down not only to the base of the rock itself, but under a jutting bowlder overhanging the water, and there discovered a veritable jewel-casket. The waters, lapping in and out twice daily between the crevices, had formed somehow a great oblong basin, and this the sea had filled with its own wonders. It had first draped the gray sides with long weeping sea-weeds, or crusted them with tawny barnacles and black mussels dashed with silver. There spongy anemones of every soft tint stretched down thirsty necks, while the floor below was a rich mosaic formed of multicolored snails, with here a blazing orange starfish, there another of pink or royal purple. The approach to this treasure-house lay down a sharp descent, slippery with wet weeds and black with barnacles, and it was a recollection of the difficulties of the climb, not unwillingness to see another share his discovery, that brought Goodhue to his feet and made him look down anxiously as the stranger artist paused above the overhanging rock. He realized that she too had found some evidence of what lay below, as he watched her hesitate, test with her foot the slippery weed on the rocks, then draw back, only to repeat the attempt at another point. Foiled, apparently, by the real dangers of the descent, she seated herself at last on an overhanging rock—as Goodhue thought, wisely giving up the attempt. He fancied that a sketch of the pool was to be the next move in order, as he saw the girl take what looked like a sketch-book from her side; but by a deliberate movement she poised the book with careful aim and flung it swiftly down under the rock; then, with only a moment's hesitation, she rose, plunged after it, and was lost to Goodhue's astonished sight. Although he had found the descent difficult as well as dangerous, he remembered that both difficulty and danger had been doubled in the return, and deciding, therefore, that he should at least be near at hand in the event of accident, he made his way quickly down the side of the rock, and reaching the top of the overhanging spur, waited there patiently. It amused him, unseen and unsuspected as he knew he was, and knowing as he did every beauty that lay in that hidden aquarium of nature, to hear now and then half-uttered exclamations of delight coming from beneath the rock. It was long—and he did not wonder at the delay—before the sound of a foot cautiously scraping its way warned him that the reckless adventurer, having satisfied her artistic curiosity, had finally begun her ascent. He moved softly nearer to the jagged edge, and a moment later saw a woman's ungloved hand groping helplessly in air; but before Goodhue had decided whether he should or should not grasp it, the hand was clinging to a blunt projection, where the companion hand soon followed, creeping about the other side of the blunt spur. Small and white as they were, the hands seemed supple, and the wrists so strong that Goodhue waited to discover what plan their owner had for them before he interfered. Stooping down and crawling to the rock's edge, he looked cautiously over, to see that the climber was standing on the narrowest of ledges, with her body thrown back to gain the impetus which was to swing her about the rough corner, using the spur as a pivot, her arms as ropes to drag her up to the top of the rock. There was no time for further hesitation. Goodhue grasped the girl's wrists, at the same time crying out a warning:

"Don't jump! It is dangerous. Have you kept your footing?"

"Yes," answered a voice from below.

He braced himself against the rock. "Then swing free now, and I'll pull you up. Slowly! Slowly!" He felt the muscles of her wrist relax as her hands loosened on the spur and the weight of her body hung on his arms. In another moment he knew she must have gained some new footing, for the strain on his hands lifted in part, and the next instant the mushroom hat was rising over the rock's edge, disclosing to his interested eyes first a cloud of dark hair, next the white brow it surrounded, and then his eyes met those heavy-lashed blue eyes, unlike any others he had ever known. Had the overhanging rock on which he knelt dropped into the pool beneath, it seemed to Goodhue that the crash could not have been more actual than was this meeting eye to eye. A moment, still poised as they were, both were held motionless; then, with a word of inarticulate exclamation, Goodhue dragged the girl's limp body up the face of the rock to the spot where he stood. With solid ground beneath her feet, her first motion was to stagger from Goodhue's support and lean weakly against the stone wall which rose high above them. But if her body was weak, her fixed eyes could still ask the question her lips were unable to demand, and with an effort Goodhue answered her exactly as if she had spoken:

"Hester, on my honor, I did not know it was you! Your hat hid your face. I came to help you only as any man would go to any woman in danger."

Hester drew her trembling figure together against the rough rock to which she seemed to cling. Though she spoke, it was as if the wind caught her voice, blowing it from her lips, it came so faintly, so unnaturally.

"Not—not this man to this woman!"

"No," he replied, sadly; "you are right. We should never have met again; but indeed if one of these waves had caught us off the land somewhere and flung us together on this rock, our meeting could not have been more accidental."

"I believe you; and if I had had a moment of preparation"—she looked up at him, fully and proudly meeting his eyes—"I could have met you as any woman might meet any man."

As she ended she bent her head slightly, and crossing the small rocky platform, quickly disappeared behind the first jutting rock. Before he realized that she was going, Goodhue found himself alone; but the little sketch-book which he had seen her fling under the rock lay where she had dropped it, forgotten, at his feet. Goodhue stooped and lifted the book. He hesitated a moment with it in his hand, then passed round the rock where Hester had vanished. As she heard his quick step she turned instantly with a look as if at bay, resolute, yet needing all her resolution. Goodhue at once held out the book towards her, advancing no farther than it was needful to do so.

"I doubted whether I ought to follow you with it," he said, constrainedly. "I saw you fling this away—but then I also saw you risk your life to recover it. I did not know—"

"I should have been sorry to lose it. I flung it away only because I was afraid to climb down under the rock; but I knew I should have to go down after the book was there. Thank you for bringing it to me. I should have thanked you also for your assistance, and I do now."

If they had never met before, her manner would have been perfect, keeping him at his distance, sufficiently grateful and explanatory and very simple; yet had they never met there could not have been in her eyes the veiled contempt he too plainly read there. As she ended, it was as if she dismissed him, but though she held out her hand for the book, Goodhue did not give it to her. He was standing motionless, looking in her face so closely that, despite her self-control, her color rose slowly and hotly. As he saw it mounting to her throat, her cheek, her brow, he spoke, slowly:

"Hester, can't you forgive me?"

For a moment she did not reply, then answered, with effort, "I had forgiven you—until I saw you."

"I understand. I am going now. But one word, one moment first. It was, believe me, for your sake more than for my own that I acted as I did. I know you cannot judge, not knowing what I do."

She turned to him suddenly, hotly. "I can know that I am profoundly grateful to you for what you saved me from. I know now it would have been a living death to me. You saved me from that, and for that favor—but how can you think I should ever wish to see your face again?"

"I do not," he answered, gravely. "I am going now. But remember, I know nothing. I have heard not a word since we parted—not even that I spared you all I could. I told your father that you found the man of my letters, the man you had promised yourself to, not at all the man I was. Was it accepted?"

"If it gives you any comfort, it was accepted. You generously gave me the honors of war and I accepted them. But why should I play out the part with you, who know those honors were thrust upon me!"

Goodhue stood with bowed head, repudiating nothing. He half turned away, then looked back. "Before I go," he said, simply, "you need not prepare for what I am going to say. It seems very prosaic to mention this at all, but let me warn you, as I crossed the causeway from the mainland to this rock, I noticed the bowlders scattered on the causeway were wave-worn. This, with some other signs, made me sure that at high tide, whenever that may be, this rock would be cut off."

"Submerged?"

"Hardly," he answered, glancing with a smile at the craggy heights above. "A rise of tide that submerged this rock would flood all the mainland as well, but the causeway is much lower."

Hester glanced back at the water behind them. At that moment a wave, stronger than its fellows, swelled up and broke on the outer rocks, rushing over their serrated tops as though so many gateways, flooding the platform where they had stood a few moments before, and sobbing up almost to their feet in a trough of dashing spray and foam. The sea-weed clinging to the rocks was no longer a flat drapery; the waves were lifting their drooping heads on strong crests to toss and tangle them roughly.

Hester started as she looked. "The tide is rising!"

"Yes," Goodhue answered; "it has been rising for some time. I am afraid high tide cannot be far off. It would really be wiser to make your escape good at once. The quickest way is up over the centre of the rock, only it is very steep. If you would let me help you—" He hesitated, but Hester hurriedly took the hand he had half offered, and breathlessly toiled after him on the steep ascent which they at once began. In many places Goodhue had almost to drag her up the rock's sheer face, as he had done on their meeting at its base. There was no chance for speech even had either desired it. Hester climbed with a feverish haste; and Goodhue, yielding to her mood, hurried the ascent as rapidly as he dared. Once, as he touched her arm to aid her, he felt that her whole body was trembling, and he looked up at her quickly.

"Are you afraid?" he asked. "I assure you there's no possibility of danger. Even if the tide has covered the causeway, the worst that can happen will be a short imprisonment. This rock could not possibly be submerged."

She glanced at him a moment, and then turned away again, pressing forward faster. "Perhaps," she said, coldly, "I might prefer submersion."

Goodhue colored and drew back. "I beg your pardon," he began.

But at that moment they reached the summit, which gave them the first glimpse of the causeway, last seen as a ridge of red rock strewn with bowlders, and bounded on either side by the sea. Now between them and dry land lay a stretch of unquiet waters flecked with little wave-worn islands, some as close together as easy stepping-stones over a brook, but others more dubiously distant. Even as they looked the rising waves, swimming in from the sea, were swallowing up these means of escape as rapidly as fishes devour crumbs of bread.

Goodhue turned to look at his companion. They had both paused abruptly.

"I shall attempt it," Hester said, decidedly, in answer to his look, and at once began the descent—much easier on this side than the ascent on the other. Goodhue was at her side when she reached the beach that lay at the foot of the rock, but she seemed almost unconscious of his presence. As she stood poised lightly on a stone at the water's edge, her eager blue eyes on the farther shore, her face flushed, her lips set, her dark hair blown back, her whole figure as a type of motion, but for the moment arrested, it seemed to Goodhue as great an impertinence to suggest danger to her as it would be to suggest it to the sea-gulls fluttering on the outlying rocks, disputing their possession with the buffeting waves that constantly swept them aside. Yet when she lifted her foot from the first rock to set it on the next, he quickly stepped forward and laid his hand on her arm, half speaking his thought:

"But you have no wings. It is impossible."

Her impatient movement was meant to shake off his detaining hand. "There is nothing to prevent my trying."

His hand still on her arm, he felt the forward spring of her body, and again deliberately resisted it, pushing her back. Her foot dropped to the sand.

"You forget me," he said, gently. "I must prevent your trying it."

"You prevent me?" she asked, incredulously. "You mean to keep me here by force?"

He answered her urgently. "You surely will not make me do that. You must see the danger. Willing as I am to help you escape, I cannot. You cannot measure from here the distance of those bowlders from one another, nor the depths between them. You might be caught midway, with retreat or advance cut off and the tide still rushing in. Then any fall for you among those sharp stones and angry waters could have but one end."

"You are afraid."

He looked at her with a half-smile. "Yes," he said, "I am afraid. Did you think you could scourge me to courage?"

Her eyes lowered, she stood silent for the moment, then suddenly, with hands clasped, raised her eyes in entreaty. "I implore you to let me try it. I am very strong. I sha'n't be hurt. You must see I can't—I can't stand staying here."

"I do see that, and I don't mean you shall stay here—with me. The only thing I do beg of you is not to attempt the passage until the way is quite clear again. You won't be imprisoned very long at worst."

Goodhue was taking off his coat as he ended, and Hester stood looking at him in silence, her face changing. As he rolled his coat into a bundle and thrust it under his arm, she spoke coldly and abruptly:

"You called the passage very dangerous just now. If that is true, I cannot allow you to attempt it. If anything should happen, my conscience—"

He interrupted her quickly. "I thank your conscience—but it may rest easy. I am a strong swimmer. In any case, I go solely on my own responsibility." A bitterness that for the first time spoke in his voice brought the color to Hester's face.

"I did not mean to be unkind," she said, still formally, but more gently than she had yet spoken. "I only meant that I could not let you risk your life to spare me mere discomfort."

"Yes," he answered, sadly; "I understood you. You meant what you said. It was a case of conscience only. Good-by; I don't ask you to reply. You were right. We should never have met, and now me must part as quickly as possible. Good-by."

Before she could speak again, had she wished to do so, he had left her side, and was leaping from rock to rock out into the waters. Hester turned sharply away back to the higher sand of the beach. There, where they had stood in the sand, together in all human probability for the last time, she saw the marks of Goodhue's footsteps and her own distinctly printed. The ripples that left the rushing waves behind to break on the sand in wrinkles soft as a baby's frown were yet strong enough to be wiping out these last frail memorials. Hester's brow contracted as she looked, but she moved resolutely on, with no backward glance, until a little bird, darting with a sharp chirp from some crevice, flew past her, almost brushing her with its wings in its hurry to be off. Turning involuntarily to watch its dipping flight, her eyes caught a glimpse of Goodhue's figure standing on a rock far out in the yeasty waters.

Brace's heights rose solidly between her and the inland when she stopped again and stood looking out at the distant sea-line. The sun, now almost level with the world, was behind the rock, and cast the shadows of its peaks in longer and longer reflections at her feet. The deserted waste of waters lay cold and gray. Two fingerlike lighthouses on a distant island were pointing upward, their straight lines, already blurring and purpling in the withdrawing light. The air seemed suddenly cold, and Hester

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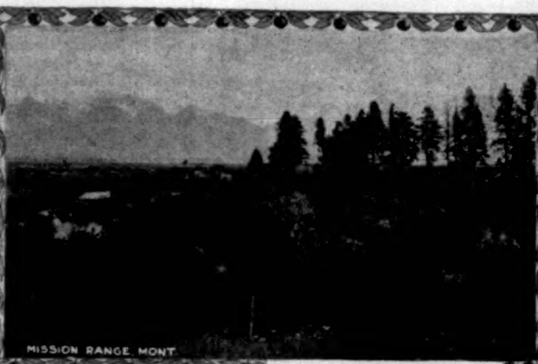
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shivered involuntarily. As if seeking for warmth, she nestled down in one of the rock crevices, leaning close against the stone's rough side as she waited, watching the waves that came dashing in, throwing their spray almost to her feet. The roaring of the waves was so monotonous and continuous she heard nothing, until at last, at a step close behind her, she turned with a start to see Goodhue.

"You have not gone?" she cried, rising and facing him.

"You must not blame me," he answered. "After all, it proved impossible."

"The tide had risen too high?"

He paused a moment, then replied, with grave significance: "Yes, the tide had risen too high. I might play with words and still say that too truly. But I have come back solely because I love you, and because I must tell you so."

She stood staring at him, bewildered, and he repeated his last words.

"I must tell you so."

"No," she cried, rousing. "You could have left me, and have dared to come back for this! How have you ventured? Do you think you can once fling a woman's heart away, and ever come back—"

He checked her with an earnest gesture. "Flung away! And you have thought there was no better reason than that kind of faithlessness? Then, indeed, you must hear me."

"Never. Never again!"

"You must. In justice to me, first you must listen, and, further—as you yourself decide. For a year I have let you judge me unheard, because I could not speak. Now I can, and claim a hearing. In common justice, you have no right to refuse."

"I do refuse. In common justice, I have some claims. I did love you. You know it. Why should I deny it?" She caught her breath for the moment, but went on. "I have at last reached the point I made up my mind I would reach the day we parted. I don't deny it was hard at first, but I have utterly ceased to care. I will not be troubled now. I have the right not to be."

He stood looking at her face, flushed and quivering, but decided—at the indignant violet eyes which she forced herself to raise to his, and at the curve of her quivering lips. Then he looked away from her again out over the waters about them.

"We are as if in a world quite apart for the time," he said at last, quaintly. "I wish we could forget for these few moments that there's any other world to consider. When our souls meet in another world they will perhaps talk of all this freely together. Why shouldn't we speak now, as it may be we shall speak then? Our friends know nothing of this meeting—they need never know. All that is in our own hands. When we leave this little island for the earth again, you could take the path to the left, I to the right, and, if you so will it, all can be as if this talk had never been."

He turned towards her again, speaking less resolutely, more earnestly: "Can't you give me out of your whole lifetime these few moments in this place so far out of the world? A few moments is all I ask."

Hester stood looking away from him at the ever strengthening waves. Once she turned and glanced at him, and he saw she hesitated, but he would not urge her.

"If I could be sure," she began, slowly—"if I could be sure that the earthly would not enter—"

He interrupted her quickly. "In your hardest thoughts of me, have you ever accused me of deceiving you?"

"Not of deception."

"Then accept my promise. If you consent, the earthly shall not enter."

She looked up at him again, and as he met her look fully and gravely, she turned as if to find a seat on the shelving rock behind them. Goodhue accepted the implied consent.

"But we shouldn't stop here," he said, practically. "The sun is so low on the other side of the rock, this side is growing too cold. If we climb to the top of the rock we can catch the warmth of the last rays, and we can watch the causeway, too, as it uncovers."

Hester let him help her to the heights, and sat down silently in the crevice he selected as yielding most comfort for her. Goodhue knew she was waiting for him to speak, but he was silent, looking down towards the causeway, wiped wholly out of existence by the sea.

"The tide is full, I think," he said, finally. "We have only to wait for it to fall."

Hester's eyes also were fixed in the distance, he believed on nothing.

Goodhue spoke abruptly. "Perhaps it will be easier to plunge in at once. When we parted, had you no idea of what parted us? Did you never"—his gaze dropped to her hands which lay clasped in her lap—"suspect another woman?" He saw her fingers tighten suddenly, and glancing up, saw her quivering face, and bent towards her with a word of protest on his lips; but before it found utterance she had moved back, still facing him, and meeting his eyes so fully and collectedly that he caught his breath.

"Go on," she answered, simply. "It was the first cut only that hurt. I had suspected this, among other things. Have you more to say?"

"Something I scarcely dare put into words.

(*Continued on page 584.*)

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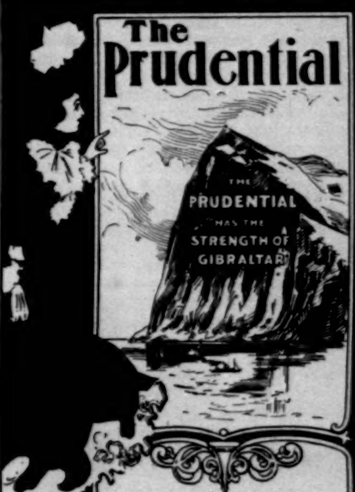

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(Continued from page 583.)

Do you remember nothing strange in our first letters?"

"Nothing," she answered, after a moment's thought.

"Because you have not the key yet. When I first wrote to you from my Paris studio, you remember, it was about some unimportant detail of color which we had discussed together. You recollect that?"

"Yes; and I replied, thanking you. It all seemed unimportant."

"Yet you couldn't know how your reply, short as it was, differed from anything I expected. There was nothing very marked in it, yet it was different. Later, when I had drawn another and another letter from you, I did write you that I had scarcely dared hope for any answers whatever, because when we met you seemed so shy and inaccessible. A wood-violet could not have been more retiring. Did you never wonder at my thinking that?"

"Why should I? You had met me in a crowded house party for two days only. That was all. I saw you had gained a wrong impression of me, which, I remember, I attempted to dispel."

"It was done quickly and effectively, and forever. For days I did not know whether your letter of self-revelation most fascinated me or bewildered me. It was all so truthful, so delicate, so fantastic, yet so unlike my idea of what you were. First you condoled with me teasingly as a color-blind artist mistaking a rose for a violet. Then you went on more seriously to tell me there were rose-women and violet-women born into the world, differing as distinctly as the flowers, and the perfume of the rose was not the perfume of the violet. That was all, but it was enough to reveal you. Hester, when I laid your letter down I could smell roses! Later, perhaps then, I knew I loved you, and when at last I wrote you so, you answered—you know what you answered." He paused, and went on with difficulty, but rapidly, not looking at her. "I could hardly wait to finish my work—hardly wait to cross to you; and then I stood in your home waiting for you to come down to me, and I could call up, as I think only an artist can, every feature of the woman I had seen but once and learned to love by letter only—remember that. How shall I tell you? Your eyes are violet; your hair is dark. The face I saw so vividly as I waited there for you had soft brown eyes and the hair was fair, and—it was Anne's face I saw, Hester."

"Anne—my own sister! Oh no—no! She has been with me night and day through all this; she could not—"

"She knew nothing—knows nothing now."

"Oh, speak plainly—my own sister!"

Goodhue laid his hands strongly on hers as they lay trembling on her knees.

"Try to listen calmly. It is hard to explain at best. And Anne—remember this always—knew nothing at any time. When I first saw you both it was together, staying in the same house. I never spoke to you apart. You called each other 'Sister.' I only learned your Christian name when you signed it in your first letter to me. I thought Anne indisputably the older. She seems so in her repose. You are very unlike, and she is a *violet*, Hester. I addressed my first letter to her as the supposed elder, and you, as the actual elder, received it. I might have written to one as well as the other. You were both artists. There was nothing to undo the error, and it was to Anne that I believed myself writing in all those months. It was Anne I thought I loved and courted—you who replied. This is the miserable story. You know the whole." He paused, then went on with a difficulty that grew always greater. "Do you remember, it was Anne who came in to me first when I was waiting for you? Can't you fancy my bewilderment when I saw her standing there in the doorway, warding me off with her outstretched palms—remember, I thought she was my promised wife! I heard her say she had only come to welcome 'a new brother,' and it seemed to me the world turned round, and then she laughed in my face and ran away suddenly because she heard another door at the end of the room opening slowly. You know who came in that door, Hester. I saw your glorious violet eyes, your vivid face, your lovely dark hair, and you came towards me—if I could only see you coming so now—both hands held out, half shy, all gracious—"

With a swift motion Hester cowered down where she sat, hiding her face in her hands. "And you let me!" she cried—"you let me!"

Goodhue bent towards her, clasping her wrists in his hands, speaking eagerly. "Hester, be just to me, now quickly, before you think of yourself. What could I do? If you suffer so in the thought that I played your lover for a few distracted days, try to think of what I saved you by refusing to play your husband. Think, too, of what I endured, loving the body of one woman, the soul of another. It was like acting out some horrible tragic farce. Day by day I had to see the body that I loved passing me, every graceful motion holding my gaze, and yet, when those dear, familiar lips moved to speak, they spoke a tongue I neither knew nor cared for. Could I have met Anne's soul alone, I knew I should never have recognized it. On the other side were your mind, your heart, your spirit, so familiar, so dear

(Continued on page 585.)

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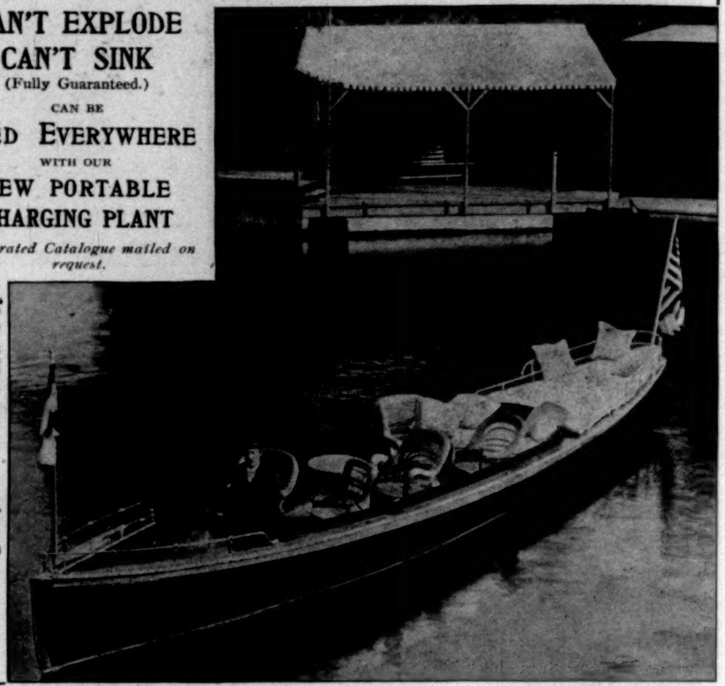

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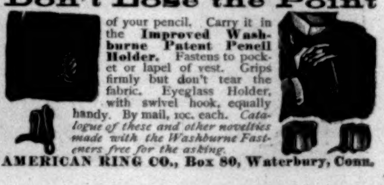
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(Continued from page 584.)

to me, but clothed in a strange body. Again and again, when you spoke to me of some lovely thoughts you had only written of before, I turned to you, expecting to see the features I had called up so vividly when reading your written words, and then your unfamiliar face—can't you understand it?—would strike me as a blow. Hester, it is now the one face I care for, the one I was always seeing, always longing to see." He drew her hands from her face, and they lay so passively in his that his heart sank. "I have told you everything," he said, slowly. "I was almost mad when I let you see at last that there was some ugly knot. I let you cut it without telling you what it was. How could I tell you then? How could I tell myself what I felt? Have you nothing to say to me, Hester?"

She looked up at him with eyes from which the lustre had gone. "I can forgive you now," she said, wearily. "Of course no one was to blame. It was an accident; that was all. There is nothing to forgive."

"I am asking more than forgiveness now," said Goodhue, slowly. He was speaking carefully, with well-controlled emotion. "Almost as soon as I left you, it came to me that, after all, it was you—your spirit—I had loved, not at all what I thought had clothed it, and then slowly your own beauty began to haunt me. Soon, too soon, I knew that the face I had seen as I read your letters, as I wrote to you, was never the face you could have worn. Your face, your eyes, yourself, began to fit your soul for me, and at last I knew you as you were, not as half another. Your own hands, your own eyes, the very way you sit as you listen, as you are sitting now, all grew clearer and clearer in my memory. It was not the soul only I wanted—but you, all of you, body and soul, as I learned to mate them. Hester, it was accident that parted us, but to-day hasn't an accident flung us together again? I have told you everything. Now I dare ask more than forgiveness. I ask you for all that a man can ask, all that a woman can give."

Her hands were still in his, and she made no effort to release them, but he knew it was for no tenderer reason than pity as she looked up and answered: "There is nothing to forgive you, but there isn't anything left to give, either. As I told you, all that is over and burned out. There is nothing here now—can be nothing but cold ashes."

She loosed one hand as she spoke, and laid it on her breast. Goodhue caught the hand back to him, urging her by pressure and voice.

"Hester, try to see it differently. To-day, as I passed over the moor, I saw what you might have called a destroyed field of grass, burned out, nothing but cold ashes. Yet I knew because of that burning the verdure there will be doubled in the spring. We have both suffered cruelly, both been through the fire—can't we make that help us to a closer life?"

She moved restlessly, releasing both her hands. "No, the fire has been too fierce. It has destroyed. We can meet only for this hour in this world apart, and on the terms we agreed upon. You are letting the earthly enter."

Goodhue's eyes turned to the causeway, forgotten in the nearer question. "Forgive me if I thought it the heavenly," he answered; "and my promise was that the earthly should not enter while we were in the world apart: you see we are not cut off now."

Hester's eyes followed his. The waters, receding as rapidly as they had risen, had uncovered the narrow wet backbone of red-rock ridging across from the mainland, leaving a clear path to the shore.

"Do you mean that we are free to go?" she asked.

"We are no longer cut off, or, rather, you are cut off from nothing. For me—am I to live cut off from everything I care to live for, Hester? This is the last time I shall urge you. Dearest, you did love me; by that love so close, so womanly in the past, I entreat you! You can recall it; trust me it can return, richer, more ripe with promise than before."

He realized that she raised her eyes not to read his mind, but that he might read hers. When she spoke he knew already what the reply would be.

"That has all gone from me forever, not only for you, but for any one on earth. My hand offended me and I cut it off. My maiming is absolute and for life. That is all."

"You are deciding hastily."

"I am not deciding at all. Life has decided for me."

"Hester, see, I can gather your hands into mine, your eyes into mine. They belong there now as surely, as lovingly, as your soul was once gathered into my soul. You feel this. You are free to part them all forever, but can you?"

Hester shrank back, her hands, her eyes, quivering from his hold.

"Oh, you only quicken me to suffer. I have decided. This must be the end."

She rose, turning from him to face the glowing western sky and the world between. A rim of the red setting sun hung in the horizon for a moment, then dropped below the line. Down the coast the sunset cannon told the death of another day. A hush and gloom closed in with the falling echoes, and from the light-houses on the distant island leaped the blaze of two leopard-like eyes. Hester started when Goodhue's voice again broke the silence. He spoke lightly, she knew, to veil emotion.

"So be it. Come, Hester, inexorable angel of the flaming sword! The gateway to earth is wide open again. I have lived in Paradise an hour. If it has been that of a fool, never mind. Only—let me leave it without waiting!"

On the mainland two little half-beaten paths rose from the causeway to run inland—the one to the right, the other to the left. The right-hand path runs in and out between golden-rod and red-berried rose-trees, to be lost at times among the bay-bushes that spread their heavy green leaves and gray aromatic berries above a yellow carpet of scented grass. The path to the left leads straight and uncompromisingly along the rocky coast. Goodhue glanced from one path to the other, as he helped Hester over the last stepping-stones, and they stood together on the mainland.

"There is your path," he said, "to the right, over the moors. That rocky way to the left, the steep, single path, is mine."

Hester looked up towards the crags of the right-hand path. "Mine is single also," she said, quickly. But Goodhue did not respond.

"Why do you make me seem so harsh?" she cried, suddenly, turning to him. "There has been too much suffering on both sides. At least we may think kindly of each other."

She held out her hand as she spoke, as if offering a friendly parting. Goodhue took her hand in his, holding it gently, as he replied, smiling:

"There was once a queen whose starving people cried to her for bread, and she asked why they didn't eat 'little cakes.' She was as innocent as you, Hester—but none the less cruel." Again he saw that she hesitated, and he waited patiently until she spoke, tremulously:

"We must part in peace."

"Forgive me if I seemed rude to you just now. But as you say you can be nothing to me, be nothing, I beg of you. Let it all end here. Let me go my way at once, and you yours."

He saw her eyes turn from one path to the other, then out over the sea where the two great leopard eyes stared blazing through the gathering darkness. Goodhue drew back a step, loosening his grasp on her hand, which she had left in his.

"Wait!" she cried, quickly. "Oh, wait a moment! If to part like this is so hard, then I must be able to think of something that will soften it."

"I will wait," he answered, "but you will think of nothing, as it cannot be all."

Again he watched her eyes turning to the diverging paths, following the narrow way of each so far as sight might carry her. When she at last looked up at him again, he could no longer read her thoughts. Yet her altering face seemed to him as a book fluttering open in his hand.

"If you will not take my peace," she began, "nor my kindness, then you will have to take my confusion. We have been talking as if we were soul to soul. I am still trying to speak so. My feet seem somehow to refuse my path, and yet—they refuse yours equally. I am standing here utterly unhappy either way I look."

The salt airs blowing in from the ocean seemed wrapping the gloom about them; the odors of the bay-leaves crushed beneath their feet rose in aromatic sweetness. Goodhue bent over the hand he held, pressing it to his lips, then laid it gently in his arm and turned towards the path on the moors.

"Come," he said; "I am very patient, Hester. Let me take your path for a while. Dear, I accept your kindness and your peace alone for the present, for so long as you shall wish, and for the future—"

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They are made of the finest quality of imported whole leaf tobacco—are made as perfectly as any cigar in the world—burn evenly—do not bite the tongue, and are always the same.

25 cents for 10.

A **Solid Silver** curved box worth **$15.00** made to hold 10 Van Bibber Little Cigars given **FREE!** Write for fac-simile booklet of all particulars.

H. Ellis & Co., Baltimore, Md.
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Soft White Hands IN A SINGLE NIGHT

Soak the hands thoroughly, on retiring, in a hot lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of emollient skin cures. Wear old gloves during night. The effect is truly wonderful, and a blessing to all with sore hands, itching palms, and painful finger ends.

Don't fail to try

BEECHAM'S PILLS

when suffering from any bad condition of the Stomach or Liver.

10 cents and 25 cents, at drug stores.

Cool Colorado

Colorado in summer is the most delightful place on earth. Its climate is simply incomparable, while its magnificent mountain scenery is said to excel the Swiss Alps.

There are many attractive resorts in Colorado, some right in the heart of the Rockies, and others along the foot-hills. Every taste and every purse can be suited. Shall we send you a copy of our beautiful book, entitled "Picturesque Colorado"? Send two-cent stamp to prepay postage to

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HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

are perfect in action. Over 40 years' experience guides the manufacture. Get the improved. No tacks required. To avoid imitations, notice script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, - N. Y.
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WEST HAVEN, CONN.

The "Reina Mercedes"

An account of the successful attempt to raise the Spanish cruiser *Reina Mercedes* in Santiago Harbor was given, with illustrations which showed the "mass of twisted iron and battered hull, full of barnacles," in the WEEKLY for April 1, 1899. In the present issue we publish photographs of the same interesting vessel as she appeared when she reached Portsmouth, Virginia, on Saturday, May 27. We are informed that at one o'clock on the day mentioned the *Reina Mercedes* hove around the Hospital light and slowly made her way up the river to the Portsmouth Navy Yard, greeted all along the route with the applause of thousands of people who had been waiting from an early hour; and the familiar name "Grimes's Battery" may be noted especially in connection with the salutes fired in honor of the occasion—"Grimes's Battery" which spoke with the same voice, but a different meaning, on July 1, 1898, before Santiago. Upon the arrival of the procession of vessels at the navy-yard, patriotic airs were played by the band, and thus the prize ship was brought to a comfortable position alongside the pier which had been prepared for her.